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Selections.

THE FREEDMEN OF LOUISIANA.

GEN. BANKS DEFENDS AND EXPLAINS HIS LABOR SYSTEM.

[From the Boston *Journal's* report of a speech recently delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of that city by Maj.-Gen. Banks.]

IN the State of Louisiana, on the 1st of January, there were perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand blacks who had been, up to that time at least, held in slavery. The slave population of Louisiana in 1860 was 350,000. I doubt very much if, at the period to which I refer, the number of negroes in that State would be more than 150,000 or 175,000. The proclamation of the President declared emancipation from slavery in most of the slave States, except the parishes of Louisiana, in which this portion of the population, or the greater part of this population to which I have referred, existed; and left that population, therefore, even under the proclamation of the 1st of January, 1863, slaves *de jure*, if not *de facto*. But they were not slaves *de facto*. Every man, by the very condition of the country at that moment, was free from the control of his master, inasmuch as the law forbade the army or the navy, or any officer of the army or navy, to return any man to slavery, which very few were prepared or desired to do even. It is, therefore, perfectly true that, whether or not, as the planters claimed, the slaves at that time were slaves *de jure*, the negroes perfectly well understood, and every person connected with the government perfectly well understood, there was no power to reduce them to the condition of servitude. Without employment, without clothing, without means of support of any character whatever, concentrating near the garrisons of the army, inseparable from this condition, there came great suffering, constant disease, decimation and death, which, to an observer who looked upon the state of things for the first time, was absolutely appalling. The slaves were to be supported by the government; they had no means of support of their own; and as the first step, both to relieve the government and to protect the army from communication with such masses of people, it was determined to give them employment. That employment was established at the outset in the month of June, upon the basis of the absolute and perfect freedom of the negro. Those who were engaged in the cultivation of the plantations, and those who accompanied the army were told that by the payment to the negroes of due wages, and providing them with suitable rations, with clothing, with medical attendance, taking care of the whole population, and leaving the laborer under the protection of the government itself, they might employ the negro population of that State. The negro was instructed that he was at liberty to select his employer, but that he was expected to labor for the support of himself and of the sick and infirm. Both classes accepted the conditions. The negro saw that he had his freedom, the choice of employers, the choice of work, rations for himself and family, clothing, such as the government should deem suitable for him, education for himself, and wages that would from time to time be increased in such a manner that he could provide for himself and family in the future.

The principles upon which this was done were determined by the negroes themselves. Fifteen or twenty of the most intelligent, the best educated young colored men of Louisiana, who were themselves free, and knew well the character of the colored population, were sent out into different parishes. They were authorized to go where they pleased, to speak with whom they pleased. At their request they were permitted to carry arms to defend themselves, and they visited the negro population in the different parishes in the early part of the year 1863, and they brought to the government the terms of labor which the negroes desired. They were, first, that their families should not be separated; second, that they should not be flogged; third, that their children should be educated; and fourth, that they should not be compelled to labor where they did not like to, where they had hitherto been abused. All these privileges were granted to them. The planters, both of the old population and of the new population, considered the subject for themselves, and agreed to accept the terms.

The result of this system of labor proves conclusively in my mind—I am as sure of it as I am of any fact within my experience or my power of investigation—that the institution of slavery in the Southern States is totally unnecessary for the protection of any interest whatever (applause)—that there is no use for slavery of any color or kind or character; and so far as the interest of the negro himself is concerned, or the agriculturists, or all the people of the South, or of the government itself, the return of servitude is not only incompatible with the public interest, but impossible under any circumstances whatever. It is quite possible that there may have been many incidents and occurrences which were unjustifiable; it is almost impossible to find in a country like ours, where opinion is free, agents to carry out successfully an idea of the character which I have suggested; but I believe this may be said to be true, that it has been as just to the employed, and as profitable to the employers, as any system would have been under similar conditions. Under the system adopted in Louisiana, cotton and sugar can be raised for a cent a pound each; that is, under a good government, supposing our affairs to be settled and the system of values to be upon a solid and substantial basis; and this, too, with the perfect and absolute freedom of the population, white or black.

Coupled with this system of labor are other influences material to a proper consideration of the subject and to the welfare of the country. There are in the parishes controlled by the government of the United States about fifteen thousand negro children. From eight to ten thousand of these are already in day schools established there. There are sixty Sabbath schools established in these parishes, twenty night schools for adults, and every regiment of the fifteen, twenty or twenty-five regiments of colored troops has a teacher and organization of the nature of the school. Thus, the whole of this population is in the process of education and of change by the natural course of events. The reports made by those connected with those institutions of the progress both of young and old, are gratifying and surprising, and leave no possible doubt whatever that the negro population not only can perform all that is required of the laboring population, but that they can make such rapid improvement as to answer the expectations of the government and justify the extension of all the privileges of citizens to this class of people.

There are some objections which have been urged to this system, among others that the negro has not been authorized by the government of the United States, or its officers, to make a contract with his employer and to fix the price of his labor—a very just objection if it was compatible with the condition of things, but it is not. If you offer a laborer a stipulated sum per month—twenty-five, fifty or a hundred dollars—you have a right to require of him at least an agreement to perform work for a stipulated time. That is an impossible thing in Louisiana. There is no negro or other man engaged in agricultural labor that can, under any circumstances whatever, stipulate with his employer, for any price whatever, that he will perform labor for a month, or for six months, much less for a year. In the first place, martial law is the predominant law of the State. It is subject to invasions of the enemy; it is subject to inroads of the waters overrunning and washing the plantations upon which they are employed. It is one of the favorite designs of the enemy, at all times, to open the levees of the Mississippi, and to wash out the plantations throughout its route. The government itself has great need of these people. Whenever it has required the labor of these plantation hands, the young or old would be taken, either for the repair of the levees to which I have referred, or the construction of public works, or employment in the commissary or quartermaster's department, or for any other duty, either of civil employment or in arms, and there has never been a week or a month in Louisiana, while the negroes have been laboring under this system, when they were not liable to be called from such employment by the government, or driven from it by the enemy. Now the production of crops in that part of the country requires the steady, unremitting labor of a season which makes a year, and without that labor it is impossible for any employer to make any arrangements with his laborers. There is another consideration even more imperative than this, and that is that the whole negro population is to be supported. From the terrible results of war, having been driven from their homes, a large portion of them are utterly unable to earn a living for themselves, and much less to support others. It is therefore incumbent upon employers that they shall support the whole of these people, and thus relieve the government from this charge. They must support the infirm and sick; they must educate the young; and for this great burden of supporting the entire negro population of that part of the State, there must be a deduction from the wages of those able-bodied, and able to do several days' work or several years' work. Thus the government, or some other power, must fix the price of wages in addition to the support of each individual laborer, in order that the surplus may be given to maintain the infirm, the sick, the old, the poor and the young. It cannot be done between the employer and employed, because neither of them is willing to sacrifice his own individual interests for these general purposes. The employers will not undertake to support three hundred or three hundred and fifty souls upon two or three plantations when they can get labor only for fifty or sixty or a hundred of them; and the laborer himself will not consent to work, if he stipulates his own price, in order that in addition to his own family and children, the children of his race may be supported. Thus it became an absolute necessity to fix, in addition to the requirements of individual support, wages which should ensure the support of those unable to labor, and to maintain the schools necessary for the education of the young.

This concerned as much the consideration of rations and of clothing and of education and of medical care and attendance as it did of wages, and without these general arrangements in all these relations no system of labor could be well established. And yet, with even this disturbed condition of the public mind to which I have referred, this disturbed condition of employment and of labor consequent upon the presence of armies and of constant and threatened invasion of different armies, the wages of laboring men in Louisiana have been as remunerative as those of Massachusetts, or any other part of this country, so far as I am able to judge. The rations which were furnished to the plantation hands by the government, or according to general orders of the government, cost, even at the rate of purchase by the government itself, twenty-one cents a day, at the wholesale prices, with all the advantages that the government can command, and without considering at all the profits of traders or the cost of transportation. Including these items, the cost of the daily ration in Louisiana, according to the plantation orders, is from forty to fifty cents. Two suits of clothes a year are required, cost not less than $50, education for his children, without which the laborer refuses to work, medical attendance for the sick, and the support of those connected with him and his family who are helpless—all these things are apportioned to him by the government from his employer. And in addition to this, every man and person employed is entitled to a portion of land, and entitled to its benefits, and to work it in his own way—an acre to every able-bodied man, and generally Saturday is given to them for the cultivation of this land. I had a letter from an old planter, not a new planter, a few days before I arrived in Boston, in which he said that of some three hundred and twenty-five hands upon two plantations which he had cultivated, he had already paid from the produce of the land given to the negroes themselves, two thousand dollars, and they had products for sale which would amount to fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars more. There were many men upon the plantation who had crops of three hundred dollars value, and the poorest and feeblest woman engaged in laboring upon the plantation earned from fifty to sixty and seventy-five dollars a year. Of the three hundred and twenty-five souls in the employ of this planter, between sixty and seventy were children who were included. I doubt very much if you can find a laboring family in the State of Massachusetts, of ordinary character, that receives in a year rations for the whole of its members, clothing for the whole of its members, medical attendance for the whole of its members, whether sick or well, education for its children, protection in all the rights of the individual or of the family, from the government itself, and wages at from six to ten dollars for each person actually employed in labor. I doubt if you can find any laboring family in the State of Massachusetts that is better remunerated for the labor it performs than that. But in addition to this they get their freedom (applause).

There is not a court in the State of Louisiana that does not recognize a negro, whether free or whether enslaved before the war, as a freedman entitled to all the rights and all the protection of a white man. He is entitled to sue and be sued; he can give his testimony in any of the courts; and any parent having a child in the possession of anybody may go into court and claim possession of the child, whether the parents were enslaved or not; whether the child was in the possession of former owners or not, by showing as you do, say in the State of Massachusetts, that the parents are able to take care of that child, and are able to bring it up properly and carefully. Thus not only is the laborer compensated for what he does, but he is secured by the authority of the government itself in all his rights, whether it be by appeal to the officers of the government, or by an appeal to the courts in the State itself. I do not see how it is possible to make a sober objection as to who shall fix the wages of the laboring population, where the first question is whether agricultural industry can be carried on or not, and in the second place to give to the laboring population itself all the rights which are enjoyed by freemen in any part of the American Union.

I am asked oftentimes by my friends if it is possible that the negro will continue to work. Well, I suppose the negro loves work just about as much as any other portion of the human race. I have never seen anybody absolutely distressed on that account (laughter); and whenever I have found an individual who was determined to be incessantly employed, unless it was a matter of some special, grand and immediate importance, I have generally concluded that he was a little unsound in mind or diseased in body. It is not to be expected that either the white or the black race will go about killing themselves for the sake of finding something to do; but I imagine that the special indolence of the black race, which the Southern people say exists in the South, is to be accounted for in a perfectly natural way. The negro is an imitative being. He sees in the Southern States that the great people do nothing, and the greater they are the less they do (laughter and applause). That is his idea of perfect happiness and perfect grandeur—not to do anything at all! Well, it would be extraordinary if he did not, if he had his way, incline to that method of elevating himself. So long, therefore, as the leading people of the South live in idleness—the men doing nothing and the women doing nothing (they don't draw a bucket of water; they don't even dress themselves)—when the negro gets the opportunity, if it is only for five or ten minutes, it is not surprising that he assumes that exalted way of living—doing nothing! (Laughter.) But when a new class of men go down into those States, and undertake the cultivation of the land, the transaction of business and the organization of government under a new system; when Northern habits of industry are transferred to the Southern climate, and men are up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and are never ceasing in their labors—when they are seen to grow powerful and rich by the course they have taken, I am afraid the negro will imitate that example in the same way (applause).

* * * The white people are a great deal more disturbed and distressed at the North about the condition of the negro than he is himself. At the celebration of the passage of the act of Emancipation, in June, I saw in the city of New Orleans 20,000 or 25,000 colored people, as well dressed, as well behaved, as orderly, as any people that I ever saw in Boston, or New York, or any other city of the States (applause). I saw a city of 175,000 people absolutely surrendered to the celebration of the passage of the act of Emancipation. They occupied the streets and the squares the whole day. From sunrise in the morning to sunset in the evening they were possessed of the city, and in the whole of that day not one disorderly act was done, not one uncivil word was spoken, not a white person, so far as I know, came into collision with them, and nothing was witnessed during the day but the most perfect sobriety and the most perfect order (loud applause). I heard one hundred persons say that that celebration could not have occurred under such circumstances in the city of Boston, the city of New York or the city of Providence; and I believe it. Every day, every hour in the day, you hear negro children singing the anthems of the Union in the streets, in their school rooms. Wherever they are, the air is vocal with the music, the precious music, of their young hearts. The colored people make no complaint of their condition or of their wages. If they complain of individual wrong, they find their remedy as certainly and as immediately as any laboring man will find it in the city of Boston, or anywhere in the State of Massachusetts. I may certainly be assumed to know what is the condition of the laboring man here; and I do not hesitate to state to you what is his condition, and that of his family, in Louisiana. He makes no complaint about wages. What he asks and what he demands, is, that his children shall be educated, that his family shall be held sacred, and his wife and children relieved from the hardship of field labor as soon as possible. That is what he demands, and nothing more than that.

* * * If Mr. Garrison, or Mr. Gerrit Smith, or the distinguished gentleman who sits here upon my left (George Thompson of England), known to both worlds, the old and new, as the advocate of emancipation, the philosopher, the student, the orator, who has devoted a long and valuable life to the elucidation of correct principles in this matter—I say if either or all of these gentlemen were to visit Louisiana for the purpose of investigating the condition of things, I would stake my life that the conclusion to which I have arrived, and which I have stated, would be the conclusion to which they would arrive. I have no earthly interest in this matter, not the slightest in the world, why I should come to you and misrepresent anything; but I have only discharged a duty in representing the condition of things as I have seen them and I know them. The best service that a citizen of Boston could do to the country would be to depute an honest and intelligent man to visit those distant parts of the Union where these great principles are being established, and where these new questions are being considered, and ascertain what is the truth and what is the actual condition of things there, and whether or not they deserve the support of the people.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Delivered at Auburn, Monday evening, Nov. 7, 1864.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Of course you understand that I have come home to vote. (Cheers, and cries of, "That's what we want now!") To vote here for the tenth time in ten out of the nineteen Presidential elections which the people of the United States have enjoyed (applause). A change or succession in the executive power of a nation is always vital, and that change in our country constitutes a perpetually recurring crisis. The elector is mortal. I have come home to exercise my suffrage as heretofore, with the conviction, which I suppose you all entertain for yourselves, that this may be my last time. (Cries of, "We hope not." Cheers.)

Nations, though usually long-lived, are, nevertheless, mortal. Our own Republic is now confessedly struggling for life. This, therefore, may be our last Presidential election. (Cries of, "Not if our votes and arms can save it." Cheers.) We are only tenants here. The reversion of our political state is the appointed inheritance of endless successors. Let us so cast our votes, that if the Republic must perish, we shall be able to say that we are innocent (cheers); that if the Republic must perish, we shall yet be able to say that we have the consciousness of having practised the heroic virtue which is the duty of the citizen (applause); that if the Republic must perish, we shall be able to say that our recorded protest will appear conspicuously above the ruins (cheers), inviting mankind to new and holier efforts to redeem the cause of freedom and humanity (cheers). I should be recreant if I did not confess that I see no hope of safety for the Union if the people to-morrow should give it over in trust to the opponents of the present Administration. (Cries of "We won't do that.") But I do not forget what I say on the night before the election will be heard on the morning after the election, however it may result; therefore, let no man expect to hear after an adverse result that I am despairing or even despondent (cheers). If the Opposition prevail, I do not now know, indeed, the fountain from which streams of hope can flow, in that disastrous event; but I do know that God has a thousand ways of saving nations, even in their extremest peril (cheers). I do know that nations are born to live, although they must eventually die; and I do know that as my voice in the dark hours of 1861 rang through the world, giving reassurance to the friends of human progress, so, if utterance shall be left to me, it will proclaim with even greater earnestness and energy that this Republic is not altogether lost (vehement applause). And as I speak, so in that fearful crisis, I trust I shall be able to act. (Cries of "That's you," and cheers.)

But, fellow-citizens, our thoughts to-night must be concentrated upon the crisis as it is. Dangers surround us. The civil war confronts us in the rebel States. Foreign wars loom over us. On all our coasts and all our borders, the fires of faction send up sulphurous smoke under our feet. (A VOICE—Yes, Seymour and his friends.) It would be absurd to say that the country is not in a strait. Only two courses are open before us—the one is perseverance in our war to suppress the rebellion; the other is abandonment of those efforts. (Cries of "We'll never abandon them," and cheers.) Hazards attend each course. Are not hazards always incident to human policy and human effort? For myself, after examination and consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the lesser hazard is found in the line of perseverance (cheers). And, indeed, that is the only course that affords assurance of national integrity, which I need not say is identical with national independence (vociferous cheers). You have already testified that this is your conviction. (Cheers and cries of "We'll do it again to-morrow.") It remains, then, only for us to reassure each other to-night, so that we may advance to the polls with decision, energy and confidence to-morrow (cheers).

You have been surprised by the discovery of treason lurking throughout the free States, and even in secret haunts in our own neighborhood. You are astonished at the discovery of a conspiracy of thirty thousand men clandestinely armed against the government in the Western loyal States. You are thunderstruck with the revelation of concert between Chicago, London and Richmond (groans for Northern traitors). You are amazed that traitors in Sandusky, invited by signal lights, attempt murders and robberies from Canada, and seize a ship of war on Lake Erie, and deliver the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island. (Cries of "They'll need another Perry!" Cheers.) You are amazed that domestic traitors prepared the way for invaders from Canada to rob and murder the inhabitants at St. Albans (groans). And you are still more amazed that after all these discoveries a large class of our own citizens, with alternate obstinacy and levity, still hesitate to give a full and unreserved support to the military arm of the government. (Cries of "Shame.") Let me tell you, however, that all this surprise and astonishment is unreasonable. What we see belongs to the natural course of events in war, especially in civil war. The government must suppress rebellion with all the agencies of civil and military power (cheers). The performance of that duty stirs up discontent, opposition, resistance. Opposition rises high as government becomes energetic, and opposition thus exalted becomes faction. Faction in civil war is unmitigated treason. (Loud cheers, and cries of "We'll crush it out, or we'll crush out the traitors!") Every country that has existed, especially every free country, has passed through the fiery furnace of civil war. Spanish America, with all its free States, France, England, Spain, the Netherlands, Switzerland—indeed, civil war is chronic, and domestic harmony an abnormal condition in most of those States. No government in any of those countries ever was less embarrassed in civil war by faction than the government of the United States during the last three and a half years. None of those governments at that same time ever dealt with domestic faction with so much moderation and humanity as this government has practiced toward citizens who have aided and abetted, fed and warmed, clothed and armed, its open and defiant enemies. (Cries of "That's so—better if they had hung Vallandigham and the rest of them." Cheers.) Not one head has fallen on the judicial block (cheers). Nor need you be alarmed at these demonstrations of faction. The people of the United States have had a Christian education, a political education, a moral education, such as Providence has never before vouchsafed to any nation; and great as the forces and facilities of faction are, the repressive and loyal forces possessed by this people are magnified and multiplied in proportion (cheers).

You have been surprised and alarmed by the discovery of meditated frauds upon the ballot-boxes (groans for Seymour and his agents)—frauds more fraudulent in conception, more wicked in design, than we have before encountered (cheers). Do not be disheartened, however, by this discovery; still, I say fraud and treachery, like faction, are incident to civil war. Bold and inventive as these fraudulent conspirators are, the nation has an intellectual education, and a moral conscience which enable it to detect and baffle them; and, happily, the power to suppress insurrection arms the government with the means to bring them promptly to condign punishment (cheers).

What remains for me to say, is to warn you against misrepresentations of the issue. There is no question before you of abandoning the war measures against slavery and substituting for them a policy of conservation or concession to slavery (cheers). Those measures are a part of the war (cheers). It is for the nation in a state of war and not for the nation in a future state of peace, that the government is acting, and of course that we are voting (applause). There is no question before you of changing the object of the war from the maintenance of the Union to that of abolishing slavery. Slavery is the mainspring of the rebellion. The government necessarily strikes it in the very centre as well as upon every inch of its soil. (Cheers and cries of "It's dying out!") In my poor judgment, the mainspring is already broken, and let the war end when it will, and as it may, the fear that that mainspring will recover its elasticity may give us at present no uneasiness (cheers). Before the war slavery had the patronage and countenance of the United States against the whole world. Its inherent error, guilt, and danger are now as fully revealed to the people of the United States as they have heretofore been to the outside world. Before the calamitous war in which slavery has plunged the country shall end, it will be even more hateful to the American people than it already is to the rest of mankind, while their condemnation of it will remain unchanged [applause]. The Opposition will not succeed in misleading you, I am sure, by telling you that you have a question of immediate peace or war involved in the present issue. War, and not peace, you have. Already, God knows that it is severe and painful enough. If I could think of taxes in the face of national death, I should say that our taxes are heavy enough. If I could think of personal interests, affections or sympathies in the face of an insolent public enemy in arms, I should say that men enough have been maimed and slain. But when we shall have said all these things, the actual situation of the country will still be before us, unchanged. It is a state of civil war, and not of peace [cheers].

Persons ask me on every hand, "Is the war to last forever?" "How long is the war to last?" I answer, the war will not last forever, but it must continue until we give up the conflict, or the enemy give up the conflict. [Cries of "That's the talk," and cheers.] Are you prepared to give up the conflict? [Cries of "No, never!"] You say, "No, never." Why? Because in that case you give up the national life [cheers]. In any and every event the nation must live; if you were to give up the national life, you enter in the state of national death. What that state is, God be thanked we do not certainly know. He has mercifully withheld that terrible knowledge from our keenest search and speculation. But we do know that national death usually consists of several stages. The first is domestic civil war—not a civil war across a border, such as this war is, but a real civil war—a civil war brought home to our own cities, to our own altars, to our own firesides. We know by the experience of other countries that with occasional respites resulting from exhaustion, this aggravated form of civil war continues until a military despot is welcomed to arrest the effusion of blood, to restore tranquillity and quiet, with the loss of civil, and, if need be, religious liberty [cheers]. This is the terrible condition into which you rush to escape from present civil war. Every one of the supporters of the Administration knows this as well as I do, and sees it as clearly. In view of calamities so far transcending those we are now suffering, of course, the government will not abandon the conflict until the majority of the people decide that it shall be abandoned. [Applause, and cries of "That will never be!"] On the other hand, the enemy will abandon their rebellion just as soon as they shall have the undoubted assurance that it cannot prevail [cheers]. They will do so for two reasons: first, no faction can indefinitely continue a struggle that is hopeless. Secondly, because they give up no national life, but they, as well as we, save their own national existence by their defeat and overthrow [cries of "That's so;"] and a better national existence than in their maddest hours of delusion they have ever conceived as the result of their unlawful enterprise [cheers]. Suppose, then, that the people, as we all agree they will, support the Administration by their suffrage to-morrow. The rebels then have the assurance of the American people, made upon a full rehearsing of the merits of the controversy, upon appeal and a full examination of results thus far obtained, with the relative forces of the parties yet remaining in reserve, that the conflict is not to be abandoned on our part [tremendous cheers]. In all our athletic games, three times success in five trials gives the victory—two decisions following each other is equal to three in five. You have already abundant evidences of the exhaustion of the rebels, but not yet evidence of their consciousness of that exhaustion. Those evidences will appear immediately on the announcement of the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln [cheers]. You would have had those evidences earlier if you had rendered this verdict sooner. You will have them all the sooner after the verdict in proportion to the unanimity and determination with which it is spoken [loud cheers]. The messengers who come hither from the rebel regions will be different from those who are now lingering and loitering on the Canada shores, to aid the execution of the plot conceived against you at Chicago [cheers]. The messengers who come will come not, as those last mentioned, with commissions addressed to the pusillanimous and factious minority of the North, but they will come addressed to Abraham Lincoln, the honored father of the American nation [great applause, and three cheers for "Old Abe"]. Their message will not be conceived in the insolent words, "Your war for the Union has failed; desist from arms, and give us, through negotiation, separate independence." But it will be, "Father Abraham, we have sinned before God and against our brethren. We repent our error; we disavow and offer up the traitors who have led us into crime. Extend your protection over us, and give us once more peace and communion with you at our altars and our firesides" [prolonged and vehement cheers]. This is the way in which I think the war is to end. I know that in that way it will end soon. I know it because few civil wars in which a strong government and people defend themselves with unanimity last so long as four years; and it is certain that we are three years and a half nearer the end of this conflict, if so maintained, than we were when we began [cheers]. Now let us take the other view. Suppose we seek peace under the council of Chicago—whether according to the naked and detestable text of the resolutions, or as evasively interpreted and glossed by the candidate who stands upon that platform [laughter, and cries of "It's too shaky. He can't stand on it"]. It is to seek peace by conciliating the rebels, and substituting diplomacy, or the arts of statesmanship, for the vigor of war. [A VOICE—"Little Mac for Grant"—laughter.] Adopt that policy and distraction instantly seizes the North—courage and new resolution inspire the South—your soldiers, betrayed at home, either fall in despair in their trenches, or, what would be worse, recoil before the enemy advancing upon Washington and Cincinnati. Those persons are mistaken who say that Davis would not negotiate, and that he would not grant us an armistice. He would grant us both at once, and grant them, too, with a view to an "ultimate convention." He can afford to be very accommodating to a cowardly antagonist; he can afford to temporize as long as you please. But like any other belligerent he will grant you armistice and negotiation for his own advantage, not for yours, and he will negotiate not for Union, but for dissolution. I do not argue this point. Any candid, thoughtful man, of whatever party, must admit that this view of what the rebels will do is possible. Most persons will concede that it is eminently probable. Then I say in regard to the Chicago proposition, with the King in "Hamlet,"

> "Let's further think of this.
> Weigh what convenience both of time and means may fit to our shape.
>
> "If this should fail,
> And that our drift look through our bad performance,
> 'Twere better not essayed;
> Therefore this project should have a back or second,
> That might hold if this should blast in proof."

Alas! since this Chicago plan must fail, it has no back or second [cheers and laughter].

When negotiation and all the arts of statesmanship are exhausted, the navy would be scattered, withdrawn from the blockade, and the armies dispersed in their homes—the treasury empty—the national credit sunk—France and Great Britain will have recognized the rebels, and even our steadfast friend, the Emperor of Russia [cheers], together with the Sultan of Turkey, the Pasha of Egypt and the Emperor of China, will have given over with pain and mortification the friendly nation that in a pusillanimous hour delivered itself to self-destruction [cheers].

Fellow-citizens: You are all free and independent as I am, and you may and must decide the question for yourselves. I cannot decide it for you, nor shall you decide it for me. I am not going to surrender to the rebels [cheers]. No! though they extend the desolation of civil war over the whole land—though they come backed in their unholy quarrel by one or many foreign States. I am not going to surrender now. Therefore, I want no armistice, no cessation of hostilities, no negotiation with rebels in arms [cheers]. However it may be with others, "I looked before I leaped" [cheers]. If I could have been ready to surrender now, I should have proposed surrender at the beginning. I should have accepted terms without waiting for Bull Run—certainly after Bull Run. I would have availed myself of the first gleam of victory to secure terms as little humiliating as possible. I should have negotiated after the capture of New Orleans, after Murfreesboro—after Norfolk—after Antietam—after Vicksburg—after Gettysburg—I would have gone, under the pressure of national affliction, and made every defeat a claim to rebel sympathy and clemency. After the first Bull Run battle—after the second Bull Run battle—after Gaines's Mill—after Fredericksburg—after Chancellorsville—after the defeat of Banks on the Red River—I am not going to surrender, now nor never [loud cheers]. As for the arts of statesmanship, I know of none applicable in this case. The only art of statesmanship that I do know is to be faithful to God and to my country [applause]. I seek to cultivate charity and prevent war, civil or foreign, as long as consistent with national justice and honor and safety, it can be prevented; but when in war, to fight with courage, constancy and resolution, and thus to save my country or fall with its defenders [tremendous cheers].

The battle thus waged in this case cannot fail. Even if it could fail, the field which was lost would forever be a holy sepulchre, which would send up through all coming time inspiration, to reanimate and cheer on the friends of progress, of liberty, of humanity [applause].

OUR NATIONAL STRENGTH.

[Among the speeches delivered in the late campaign there are some of more than temporary value. The following is an extract from an address delivered in Brooklyn by our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, JOHN JAY, Esq.]

As regards our national resources, the suggestion of Gov. Seymour, of the possible disgrace of national repudiation, echoed and repeated with characteristic arrogance by the London *Times*, has led to a more familiar acquaintance with the statistics of our census, and, without wishing to detain you long upon this point, you will perhaps allow me to remind you of the leading facts of our condition as compared with the nations of the world. They not only illustrate a chief reason of the foreign jealousy that has been of late exhibited toward our republic, but they throw a flood of light upon the great question of our present policy in the treatment of the rebellion.

Our territory, which embraced, at the peace of 1784, 800,000 square miles, was enlarged by the purchase of Louisiana, the acquisition of Florida, the annexation of Texas, and the Oregon treaty, and the treaty with Mexico, to 2,900,000 square miles, almost four times its original area, nearly double the area of all Europe, excluding Russia, and twenty times as large as Great Britain. Our population has increased from about four million in 1790 to thirty million in 1860, the annual increase having been four times that of Russia, six times that of England, nine times that of Austria, and ten times that of France, and according to the ratio of increase, which has been singularly uniform, our population in 1890 would be about one hundred and seven million.

If this seems fanciful and exaggerated, remember that a resort to statistics is the only safe mode of obtaining a correct idea for the present and future of our country, and as Lord Stanley—who by the way appreciates aright the American question—has well remarked, "When in discussing the social question we apply the statistical test, we are really doing no more than appealing from imagination to facts, from an imperfect to a perfect system of observation."

During the last decade, then, from 1850 to 1860, while the population of Great Britain increased less than one per cent., that of the United States increased thirty-five per cent. During the same ten years, while the estimated increase of national wealth in Great Britain was 33 per cent., the increase of our national wealth was 126 per cent., rising from seven thousand million [7,135,780,000] in 1850, to sixteen thousand million [16,159,616,000] in 1860, at the rate of more than nine hundred million a year.

Ex pede Herculem? From this little item of the census you can judge of the stature of your country. A volume of statistics could hardly show more clearly the length and breadth and height of the gigantic nationality which this rebellion, instigated by the ambition of a handful of slaveholders, is attempting to destroy.

A territory twenty times as large as Great Britain, a population increasing at the rate of 35 per cent. to her 1 per cent. and a national wealth increasing four times as rapidly, despite her monster capital accumulated through centuries, and her early superiority in agriculture, commerce, arts and manufactures!

I drop the topic of comparison, which I have introduced, not to encourage in this trial hour a spirit of boastfulness, for which it will be time enough when we have put our armor off, but simply to enable us the more readily to appreciate our actual position now.

Although still in our earliest youth, we are exhibiting a vigor without precedent in the history of nations whose annals commenced a thousand years ago; and it is worthy of careful note that, while the increase of our numbers has been steady at about 34 per cent. for each decade, the ratio of increase of our national wealth has been always in excess of the increase of population, and of late unexampled in its advancement.

From 1830 to 1840 our wealth increased 42 per cent.; from 1840 to 1850, 64 per cent.; and from 1850 to 1860, as I have said, 136 per cent. At the same rate, in 1870 it would be 250 per cent.; and as Mr. Walker has shown, in the year 1890—twenty-six years from to-day—our national wealth would be nearly four times that of Great Britain, a fact that should tend to relieve the anxiety of our English friends in regard to our ability to pay a debt hardly half as large as their own.

Our national wealth in 1860, if we look simply to the States in our possession, was estimated at nearly 12,000 million—about four times that of the rebels; and, at the annual rate of increase of twelve and a half per cent., it has increased in the four years since 1860, some 6,000 million.

The loyal States, despite the boasts of Davis and his Cabinet, that they would water their horses in the Hudson, occupy the palaces of New York, and plant their Confederate counterfeit of our flag over Faneuil Hall, have escaped the desolation and destruction of war, thanks to the brave army of the Potomac, under McClellan at Antietam, and under Meade at Gettysburg. The national payments are chiefly to our own people. Emigration, that inexhaustible source of wealth and power, has increased, is increasing, and will continue to increase, despite all the efforts of Mayor Gunther to prevent it. The new States and territories are rapidly filling up. Our resources are being marvelously developed; and the American, who in the face of these facts ventures to suggest the danger of repudiation, even though the suggestion be simply for party purposes, shows that his discretion, his intelligence, and his honesty are all upon a par.

Even in England, where, perhaps, the wish was ofttimes father to the thought, and the monstrous inventions of rebel agents have been accepted as scriptural truth, the London *Economist* and *Saturday Review* have recently enlightened their bewildered readers, and shown them that the wealth of America is distributed among an immense number of persons of small income, and the *Economist*, estimating the wage-income of the United States as equal to the property income of Great Britain, demonstrated our capacity to bear easily six hundred million dollars annual taxation.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

From the Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.

IF there is one man in the nation who will contemplate with more bitterness than another the result of the election on Tuesday, that man is Robert C. Winthrop. Starting in life with every possible advantage, social and political, he has sacrificed his principles, ruined his last hope of advancement, and sullied his name as a patriot, by the course he has pursued in this Presidential election. Mr. Winthrop was once high in public favor. He commenced life with the most wholesome political views. He stood up for New England ideas well in the House of Representatives at Washington, and nobly in his short term of service in the Senate. Had he followed out consistently the career thus commenced, his would have been one of the most honored names in the State. But Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson crossed his path, and he could not forgive them. To gratify personal antipathies, he turned his back on the entire body of Anti-Slavery Whigs, with whom he had acted, and went into alliance with their worst enemies. Gradually, from that moment, he [illegible] out of the public mind. But an opportunity at length came to retrieve his reputation. The war, in its fusing fire of patriotism, melted away the remembrance of old errors. Mr. Winthrop might then have placed himself by the side of Everett, and all his sins would have been forgiven. It is sad for him that the demon of prejudice conquered the good spirit of patriotism. When Butler had led the way, and Cushing and Loring and Heard were preparing to follow, from the ranks of a party which even they had been brought to realize was no longer a place for patriots, Robert C. Winthrop deliberately went over to it, and signalized the event by appearing on a platform with Isaiah Rynders and Fernando Wood. But one thing could then have saved him even in appearance—the success of the men with whom he had allied himself. Instead of success, they have met the most crushing defeat on record. Alas for the once honored name of Winthrop! Alas for the perversity of the man who bears it in the present generation! Mr. Winthrop has lost his last opportunity. He has *finally* forfeited public respect and confidence, and has gone down politically past the hope of resurrection.

ARBITRARY ARRESTS JUSTIFIED.

From Gen. Banks's Speech in Faneuil Hall.

WE are surrounded by the public enemy. He is here in Boston, in the city of New York, as well as in the twelve or fourteen States of the South (applause). What power is required under the Constitution of the United States, from the President of the people, to meet this enemy, here and elsewhere? (Applause.) It is the despotic power (renewed applause and cries of "Good"). The enemy in arms shall be destroyed, and the enemy in secret shall be deprived of the power to circumvent or destroy the government of the country or its people (great applause). When you hear that our brethren in arms have fallen upon the field of battle—a Lowell or a Wells, or any other of the gallant young men who have gone from Massachusetts—you know it is your right that their opponents shall also fall in blood and bite the dust (applause); and when you see in your midst—if it be in this city, or in this hall, or even in your own family—certain men who are plotting to destroy our own government, and to build up the government of our enemies, by whose exertions our own brethren are made to bite the dust, in sad though glorious death, be assured that the despotic power of the American people justifies the arrest (applause).

Now, the theory of arrest in this country is not the theory of arrest that existed in tyrannous countries elsewhere, in other times. It is not Austrian, it is not French, it is not even English; it is purely American—taking its character from the great and generous heart of the American people, taking its origin and authority from the perfect Constitution of the American people. It is a power of arrest that deprives men of the liberty, or the privilege, or the opportunity, to do public harm—that is all (applause). In England, in France, in Austria, or in Russia, arrest means punishment, it means exile, it means execution and death. In the American States it means no such thing. It means that a man is restrained of his personal liberty to do a public wrong, and nothing more (applause and cries of "Good"), and when our friends or fellow-citizens complain, whether in sound judgment or in false judgment, of these arrests, let me say to you that it is your duty to make the discrimination that I have made, and to see that this power is absolutely necessary to maintain the liberties of the country, and to maintain the authority and jurisdiction of the government. I have seen a little of the exercise of this power; I have reflected much both upon the necessity and the consequences of the exercise of this power. If it destroyed the liberties of my country, whatever might be the necessities for it, I would say here to you, do not support it. But it does not destroy or impair the liberties of my country or the liberties of my countrymen; it strengthens both the one and the other (applause).

I will give you an illustration in which I bore a part, by the orders of the government—the dispersion of the members of the Maryland Legislature in 1862 (cries of "Good," and applause)—the imprisonment of such men as were disloyal—the holding in custody, from twelve hours to a longer period, according to the necessities of the time, of such men as bore a questionable character. Why was this done? There had been ten, twelve or more of the States of this Union that had rebelled against this government, through the action of the Legislatures of those States. Not one of them had ever submitted the question of secession to the people of any State—not one. The conspirators not only sought to overthrow the government and the Union, but they stole away the liberty of their own States and fellow-citizens. They never dared, in a single instance, to submit the question to the people, because they knew the vote of the people would be fatal to their purpose and their treason. The Legislature of Maryland had adjourned over, for some purpose known to its members alone. They were called to meet in the city of Frederick for some purpose known to themselves, not connected with the necessary legislation of the State. There was good ground for belief that the leaders of that body intended to follow the example of the Legislatures in other States, and by surprise thrust out the State of Maryland from the Union. It was the right of the government of this country—it would have been faithless to its trust if it had failed to exercise that right—to exercise the despotic power recognized by the Constitution—a part of the government in which we live, one of the noblest and best features of that government—it was the right of that government, I say, to anticipate the disturbing element of that Legislature, and by the dispersion or arrest of its members save the people of Maryland from the consequences of their action (applause). This act was approved by men of all parties as you know—by the wise men of all parties—for the reason I have stated.

Not to trespass upon your attention with longer remarks upon this particular point, which, I may say here, are the views (if I may be allowed to use the word) of a soldier, and not of a partisan or a politician, I must call your attention to the great calamity—aye, the great calamity, perhaps the greatest that this country has known—that in a former day this despotic power of our government was not recognized and exercised. Thirty years or more ago, a citizen of South Carolina, disappointed in his personal and political aspirations, undertook to overthrow the government of this country by an organized conspiracy, as perfect, though not as successful as that through which we are now passing. The indomitable will and resolution of Gen. Jackson (applause) defeated the machinations of the conspirators of that day (renewed applause). How was it done? By the exercise of this power in our government to which I have referred. Would the aristocratic feature then have answered? Would the judicial feature then have answered? No; nothing saved this country in the contest of 1830 and 1833, but the despotism, God be praised, of the indomitable Andrew Jackson (loud applause). With a wisdom that the leaders of the conspiracy of our day have not exercised, the traitors of Jackson's Administration recognized the existence of this power in the hands of this great and iron man, and they withdrew from the contest. By what was, not in its nature, but in its features, a surrender, they were allowed, by an ill-timed compromise, to withdraw out of the arena of contest, with the belief or with the profession that they had maintained their own cause, or an acknowledgment of the rights which they had claimed. Now, I ask you to look at this. From the time when the nullifiers of South Carolina withdrew from the contest with Gen. Jackson, up to 1850 or 1851, Mr. Calhoun was the busy conspirator and chief in the organization of this new rebellion which has burst with great power upon us. You know perfectly well, every man who is acquainted with the history of that day knows perfectly well, that Gen. Jackson intended the arrest of Mr. Calhoun, but, for certain reasons, chiefly the acquiescence in his purpose of the nullifiers themselves, he forebore the exercise of that power. I stand here to say, in Faneuil Hall, in the presence of God, and you, my fellow-citizens, knowing the weight of what I say, that if Andrew Jackson had arrested Mr. Calhoun in that day, we should not have had this rebellion now (applause). It was an exercise of the despotic feature and power of our government which was omitted, to our great loss, and our great suffering. You will remember then, when you know that a man is arrested for some supposed intention of mischief, that, while no harm comes to him, under our theory of arrest, under our theory of government, great good may be derived by the people and by the government. It is thus that you must look at these matters, and in this way.

Now, with all these arrests, and with the suppression of newspapers, it is not punishment, it is simply a suspension of the power, for a brief time, to do wrong. In Maryland, some of the members of the Legislature were released in twelve hours, others in a week, others in three months. The moment it appeared that a man had no longer power to injure the people or his State, or the government to which he had made oath of allegiance, he was released. Now, with regard to those who insist upon a change of Administration, I say that, in my judgment, no great wrong has been committed sufficient to justify us in turning the current of history, and giving the victories we have won by our armies and our navies into the hands of our enemies, by the election of an Administration that will not support the army and navy in the work they have to do (applause).

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

SPEECHES BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[At a late hour Tuesday night, the 8th inst., President Lincoln was serenaded by a Club of Pennsylvanians, headed by Capt. Thomas. Being loudly called for, the President appeared at the window and spoke as follows :]

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: Even before I had been informed by you that this compliment was paid me by loyal citizens of Pennsylvania friendly to me, I had inferred that you were of that portion of my countrymen who think that the best interests of the nation are to be subserved by the support of the present Administration. I do not pretend to say that you who think so embrace all the patriotism of the country, but I do believe and trust, without personal interest, that the welfare of the country does require that such support and indorsement be given. I earnestly believe that the consequences of this day's work, if it be as you assure me, and as now seems probable, will be to the lasting advantage, if not to the very salvation of the country. I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election, but whatever it may be, I have no desire to modify the opinion that all who have labored in behalf of the Union organization have wrought for the best interests of their country and the world; not only for the present, but for all future ages. I am thankful to God for this approval of the people, but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity.

[Several Lincoln and Johnson Clubs of the District of Columbia serenaded President Lincoln on Thursday night, and he addressed them as follows:]

It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its own existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test, and a Presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections, and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us therefore study the incidents of this election as philosophers, to learn wisdom from them, and consider none of them as wrongs to be revenged (cheers).

But the election alone with its incidental and undesirable strife has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war (renewed cheers). until now it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows also, how sound and how strong we still are—it shows even among the candidates of the same party he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason, can receive most of the people's votes (applause). It shows also to the extent yet known that we have more men than we had when the war begun. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold (prolonged cheers).

But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? (Cheers.) For my own part, I have striven, and shall strive, to avoid placing any obstacle in the way (cheers). So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reëlection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion (as I think) for their good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any man may be disappointed by the result (cheers). May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have? And now let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen and their gallant and skillful commanders.

[The three cheers were enthusiastically given, accompanied by music and cannon. The crowd then called on Secretaries Seward, Welles and Bates, and Gen. Ord, each of whom addressed them, and on Secretaries Fessenden, Stanton and Usher, who did not appear.]

SPEECH OF MR. SEWARD.

FELLOW CITIZENS: You remember that once Paul, in his own country, took an appeal to Cæsar, and went from Judea across the Mediterranean to follow out his appeal to Cæsar. After being shipwrecked, and after having encountered all manner of dangers at Malta and elsewhere—dangers by sea and land—he at last reached the coast of Italy, landing at the Hot Springs, near Naples. From there he proceeded up towards Rome, and when he got within about eighteen miles of Rome, he came to a place called Appii Forum, or the Place of Three Taverns; and it is recorded in Scripture that the brethren, when he got within the suburbs of the city, came out to meet him. Thereupon Paul thanked God, and took courage. So I think that, having been tossed about on this tempest of secession and revolution for three and a half years, I have at last got to Appii Forum (laughter) — the Place of Three Taverns, although there is not a hotel on this street (laughter). At all events, I am sure the brethren have come out to meet me (laughter), and thereupon I do now here to-night, with all my heart, and in all reverence and humility, thank God. (Cries of "Amen," "Amen.") We all of us thank Him, and I hope you will all take courage for the rest of the way, which I think will be a short journey (cheers). Fellow-citizens, our old brethren of the South, who used to meet us up here in the Capitol, and with whom we used to have such pleasant, social times, have pretended to set up a poor, ricketty Congress and government of their own (laughter). And you know what they did it for? They did it because they were afraid we would abolish slavery. They met in Richmond the first Monday of this month; and what do you think they met for? They met to abolish the slavery of two hundred thousand negroes, to put them with the army, that they might fight to keep all the rest of the negroes in slavery (laughter). Well, we have got our old-fashioned regular Congress, where there are seats kept open for them yet, and it meets on the first Monday in December. I am much mistaken if we do not show our old friends down South a trick worth two of that they are practicing. My impression is that, instead of abolishing the slavery of two hundred thousand negroes, they will do the much better thing of setting the constitutional stamp upon the President's Emancipation proclamation of 1862 (loud cheers). Why, you seem to be very unanimous about that (cheers). Well, I will tell you what is more curious than all that. Within three years from this time they will be just as unanimous about it in Richmond as you are here in Washington. Well, fellow-citizens, we have all got to be friends (cheers). We have got to be friends with the Democrats, who have been voting against us, and we will balance the account by saying that we voted against them; and if, now that the election is over, they conclude to be quits, we will agree to be all Union men hereafter, and we will acknowledge that our party, as we saw things, judged them pretty harshly. I presume that four years hence we will be in perfect harmony, not only throughout all the free States, but throughout the whole Union (cheers). And I will tell you why I think that this will be so. I came on this stage of action not long ago—some years after the Revolutionary war—and I used to hear my parents, and the men and women of that age, talk about the vast number of Tories who were opposed to the government of the United States in the Revolution; and what surprised me above all things was, that at the expiration of thirty years afterwards there was not a Tory to be found in the whole United States (laughter). I was never able to understand where they had all gone to. It was just so in the war of 1812. I am old enough to recollect about that. The Federalists used to carry the intervening elections between the Presidential elections year after year, just as the Democrats carried the election in New York and several of the other States in 1862; but when the Presidential election came, and the war ended in victory, then the Federalists disappeared, and in two years after the war was over there was an "era of good feeling," in which all the people were republican, and all were in favor of the war; and since that time I have never been able to find an old Federalist (laughter). It is my judgment that we will all come together again; that when the stars and stripes wave over Richmond the rebellion will go down; and that within one, two, three, and four years after that, you will have to look mighty sharp to find a man who was ever a secessionist or an aider of rebellion (cheers). I know that for that "era of good feeling" the Democrats will have every encouragement to favor the people in the success of the war. Speaking of that, I had understood our opponents to say that this war was a failure, and that it was made to abolish slavery. Without accepting that as the object of the war, which was [illegible] the Union, we will take them on their own [illegible] and see how the matter stands. The first year [illegible] suppressed the African slave [illegible] tes; the second year of the war [illegible] to the level of soldiers of free[illegible] slavery in the District of Columbia; the [illegible] hed slavery in Maryland (cheers); [illegible] ats think that the war has been a failure [illegible] when Congress comes together it will ad[illegible] tional amendment and abolish slavery [illegible] the United States (loud cheers). Now [illegible] when slavery is removed the only element [illegible] among the American people will have ceased to [illegible] its mischievous fruits; but I know that it will not be the fault of the Administration if we do not have an era of peace and harmony, and go on [illegible] our proud career among the nations, and advancing the interest of our country of freedom, of self-government, and of humanity. The election has placed our President beyond the pale of human envy or human harm, as he is above the pale of human ambition. Henceforth all men will come to see him, as you and I have seen him, a true, loyal, patient, patriotic and benevolent man. ("That's so," and cheers.) Having no longer any motive to malign or injure him, detraction will cease, and Abraham Lincoln will take his place with Washington, and Franklin and Jefferson, and Adams, and Jackson, among the benefactors of the country and of the human race. Now, gentlemen, I have given you a longer speech than I at first intended. (Cries of "Go on.") I wish you would go around and see the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War, and keep them in good humor, for the Secretary of the Treasury [illegible] to grief, and if the Secretary of War does not [illegible] better within a few days than he is now [illegible] to be concerned for what is to happen [illegible]. As I [illegible] you are about it, you could not do anything better than to call and see my excellent friend and compatriot, Gideon Welles (laughter)—and tell him that it is [illegible]sible for him to close up Wilmington. I shall have a great deal less trouble in my foreign relations.

[The loyal men of Boston crowded to Faneuil Hall on election night to hear the returns and exchange congratulations. Many distinguished gentlemen were called out and Mr. Everett and Senator Sumner made pleasant speeches.]

MR. EVERETT'S SPEECH.

I am sure, fellow-citizens, I must be something more or less than human if I can receive such a welcome as this, without emotion. Nothing but the glorious success of this day could have drawn me from my home this evening, for I am really not in a state of health that enables me to address you either to your satisfaction or my own. But how could I remain at home when I heard that four thousand voters were here in Faneuil Hall to exchange congratulations upon the glorious success which has this day been achieved? I come, fellow-citizens, to congratulate you, to congratulate the community in which we live, to congratulate our whole beloved country on the expression which has this day taken place, of the opinion of Boston, of Massachusetts, and of New England (cheers). I congratulate you, my friends, on the manner in which you have pronounced upon the great issues now before the country. I congratulate you upon having sent back to Congress our faithful, intelligent and devoted representatives, Messrs. Hooper and Rice (cheers), beyond all expectation, my friends as to the glorious majority which you have given them. Why, I went to my friend, Mr. Rice, yesterday, with a little anxiety in my mind, to know what efforts were making to defeat him. I asked him how matters were looking in his district. "Why," said he, "I think we shall carry it by from four to eight hundred majority" (applause). But now I believe it is four thousand—isn't it?—at least, my friends, and it is really a thing on which the country is to be congratulated—that instead of repudiating a faithful, trusty, loyal servant, we have sent him back with this overwhelming majority to the service of the country. Gentlemen, I had the honor of addressing you two or three weeks ago in this hall, not without anxiety as to what might be the result of this great appeal to the people—but an anxiety, I must say, overborne by confidence and hope. But, gentlemen, I must confess I did not expect that you would pronounce this with such emphasis, with such an approach to unanimity (applause).

Gentlemen, I consider this election as the most important, the most momentous which has ever been decided by the people. It was not to carry this or that man for this or that office—not to elect or reject this or that candidate; but in my sober judgment, and after the best reflection which I have been able to give, meditating upon the subject for years and years—after the best consideration that I have been able to give it—we were called upon this day throughout the United States to decide whether they should be the United States any longer (applause); whether this great republic should remain one and indivisible, an example to the nations of the earth, and prove that man is not incapable of self-government, or whether it should go down in sordid ruins, the despair of the friends of liberty throughout the world, the joy alone of despots and of tyrants. (Cries of "Good!" and applause.) That question, my friends, as far as depends on you, has been settled this day, and, I doubt not, in full accordance with you, will have been settled by the people of the United States. I rejoice too, my friends, in another agreeable incident of the day. I rejoice that Capt Winslow has arrived here after this glorious success, and has brought us the news that another of those pests of the ocean is safe at the bottom of the sea (cheers). I could wish, as the gentleman who preceded me said, that Capt. Winslow was here with us. It is my satisfaction to know that the first thing that he did when he set his foot upon the shores of his native land, was to go and vote to support the government of his country (tremendous cheers). My friends, I did not think, when the Committee did me the honor to wait upon me, that it was physically in my power to speak to you as many words as I have done on this occasion. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me if I cut short my address and again exchange with you the most heartfelt congratulations on the vote which Boston and Massachusetts have given this day. (Three cheers were given for Mr. Everett.)

SPEECH OF MR. SUMNER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The trumpet of victory is now sounding through the land "Glory Hallelujah" (loud cheers). It is the silver trumpet of an archangel, echoing in valleys, traversing mountains and filling the whole country with immortal melodies, destined to awaken other echoes in the most distant places of the world (cheers), as it proclaims "Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof" (great applause).

Such is the victory which we celebrate, marking an epoch in our history and in the history of the world. But beyond infinite victory there are two things not usually occurring together which we here commemorate: a funeral and a birth (great laughter and applause).

The funeral we celebrate is that of the Democratic party, which we bury to night with all the dishonors that belong to it. Loathsome and putrid with corruption while it was still above ground, let it be buried out of sight, where its sickening stench will cease to be a nuisance (tremendous cheering).

The Democratic party had ceased to be patriotic. Of course there are Democrats who were patriotic; but I speak of the party whose headquarters were at Chicago. It was in sympathy with the rebellion, so much so as to be its *Northern wing*. Such a party could not exist in a country that had determined to exist. It was an outrage and a shame, and hereafter it can never be mentioned except with contumely. (Cries of "That's so," and cheers.)

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> This is my own, my native land?
> The wretch concentred all in self,
> Living shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

And this is the condition of that famous party, which forgot country.

The extent of its degradation may be seen in the frauds which it has perpetrated, in the hope of influencing the election. Nothing so mean as this in all history. Fraud is always odious; but it becomes more so in proportion to the occasion on which it is employed. It is odious in small things; doubly odious in great things. To cheat one man is a crime; to cheat a whole class of men is greater far. But if these men be citizen soldiers, now fighting for their country, and it is proposed to cheat them of their votes by barefaced fraud, I know no language which can depict the loathsome and most intolerable enormity of the offence. And yet this is the fraud that has been attempted—happily the last and dying fraud of the Democratic party (applause). Would you know the origin of this fraud and its special inspiration? I can tell you. It is slavery. Men who make up their minds to sustain slavery stick at nothing. If they are willing to forge chains, they will not hesitate to forge votes. If they are willing to enslave their fellow-men, they will not hesitate to cheat soldiers. Therefore all these recent frauds are derived naturally out of that baseness and insensibility to right which is bred of slavery (applause). But these frauds testify against that Democratic party which undertook to perpetrate them.

There was an English monarch, whose head, as it dropped from the block, was held up to the people, while a voice cried, "This is the head of a traitor." Thus do I hold up the head of the Democratic party and say, "This is the head of a traitor." Let it be buried out of sight, and let the people dance at its funeral (tremendous applause).

But I have said that we celebrate a birth as well as a funeral. The birth is that new life of our country which is born to-day into assured freedom with all its attendant glory. The voice of the people at the ballot-box has echoed back that great letter of the President, "To all whom it may concern" (laughter and loud cheers), declaring the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery to be the two essential conditions of peace (loud applause). Let the glad tidings go forth "to all whom it may concern"; to all the people of the United States, whether bond or free; to foreign countries; to the whole family of man; to posterity; to the martyred band who have fallen in battle for their country; to the angels above; ay! and to the devils below, that this republic shall live and slavery shall die. This is the great joy which we now announce to the world. (Here there was a perfect torrent of approving cheers.)

From this time forward the rebellion is doomed more than ever. Patriot Unionist, in the rebel States, take courage! Slave, be of good cheer! The hour of deliverance is at hand (renewed cheering).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

GEN. BUTLER, in a speech delivered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last Monday evening, expressed the opinion that, in view of the auspicious result of the election and the present condition of the country the President might well make another offer of amnesty to the rebels, giving them a definite time—say till the 8th of January—to consider it. If they accept it and return to the Union, well; if not, the General thought the war should be prosecuted with renewed energy and determination, and the Southern lands be confiscated for the benefit of our soldiers. Of the terms which he thought the President should propose Gen. Butler did not speak definitely. We take it for granted, however, that he would not sanction an abandonment or modification of the Emancipation policy. The *Evening Post* of Wednesday contains the following telegram:

Washington, November 16.—There are well defined rumors that Gen. Butler's speech in New York foreshadows the policy of the Administration, and that terms of peace may be offered to the rebels. Gen. Butler had an interview with the President to-day.

THE VICTORY OF THE EIGHTH.

The crowning victory of the war has been gained. A victory such as Cromwell might have called "a crowning mercy." And that one of those victories of peace, more renowned than war. The American people have passed upon the great issue of Slavery and Freedom, as the vital element of their institutions, and have recorded their verdict for Freedom. By a voice deep, firm and emphatic, the nation has passed sentence of death on Slavery. For, disguise it as politicians might, and hide it in whatever sophistries ingenuity could devise, this was the one point to be decided at the polls on the eighth instant. No voter was so unintelligent as not to understand the meaning of the vote he cast. From William B. Reed and Robert C. Winthrop, with their high-flown homage to the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, down to the rawest Irish emigrant with his fear of negro competition and negro equality, every man who voted for Gen. McClellan knew that his ballot was cast for slavery under that name. And every one who gave his suffrage for President Lincoln knew that he was thereby endorsing the Proclamation of Emancipation and instructing him to go forward until its principle was organized into the universal law of the land. It was not that they approved of everything he has done or of his method of doing it, or of his choice of agents, civil or military, in the carrying out of all his measures. They saw in him the incarnation of the Anti-Slavery Idea, apart from all incidents and accidents, and they helped to establish him at the head of the nation for another term, because they believed that thus they should best help in making that Idea a recognized, practical, organic Fact. All lesser issues and all minor differences of opinion shrivelled up and vanished into nothingness in the presence of this instant opportunity and momentous duty. And we believe that there is no one whose heart is thoroughly and utterly anti-slavery, however much he may have wished that some other name might have been adopted as the symbol of this Idea, who does not rejoice that the people have chosen so multitudinously as their Chief and Leader the man who has made the abolition of slavery a mighty engine of war and an essential preliminary of peace. Had his opinion ever halted or his purpose ever wavered—of which he has given no sign—the one must now be established in certainty and the other informed with the strength of an indomitable resolution. Abraham Lincoln is reëlected that he may finish the work of emancipation and of reconstruction on the basis of Universal Liberty. The Voice of the People is certainly the Voice of God in this case, and we may be sure that the chosen servant will not be disobedient to the Divine command.

This significancy of Mr. Lincoln's election is made more marked by all the circumstances attending and preceding it. The whole language and action of the Copperheads' campaign showed that they had a most distinct perception of what his reëlection meant. They bestowed on the persons who sought to promote it, however oddly the epithet might sound in a multitude of its applications, the name of *Abolitionists*. It was one of those instinctive denominations which told in a word what was in the mind and heart of the men using it. It was the most opprobrious epithet that party malignity could conceive of to blacken the character of political opponents. And it was doubly expressive, because this was the very appellation bestowed by the rebels upon our armies in the field. It showed the absolute identity of the McClellan party, as engineered and inspired by its leaders, with the rebels in arms and with the government at Richmond. The abusive epithet, however, had no effect on the Union and Emancipation party, or was tacitly accepted as sufficiently indicative of their actual character. And in that name, or in spite of it, they conquered. The Canada conspiracy to take possession of the polls in the frontier States, the Vallandigham conspiracy to carry for the rebellion the Western States by assassination and terrorism, the open exhortations of Judge Dean to the Copperheads to organize White-boy clubs in this city for the purpose of overawing opposing voters, the plot for swamping the Administration majority in this State through forged and fraudulent ballots, which came so fearfully near success, all these things show that the men who devised and attempted to carry through these treasonous schemes, were utterly poisoned with the virus of slavery and nothing more nor less than rebel leaders disguised in United States uniforms. They meant the rehabilitation of slavery in all its former power and supremacy; the Union as it was under Polk, and the Constitution as it was under Pierce. The first to embrace all lands fit for slavery, and the last to sanctify by the forms of law whatever villany its necessities or its insolence might deem necessary or convenient. By a natural and necessary antagonism the opposite party represented the very antipodes of these ideas. Reluctantly in some cases, hardly willing to admit the fact in others, the men who identified themselves with the preservation of the Union found themselves committed to Abolitionism by the very form of their position and the pressure of their antagonists. And under these circumstances, and with these facts obtruding themselves on their notice, the voters of every loyal State, with the exception of three, have chosen for their leader Abraham Lincoln, with the banner of Emancipation displayed before him! We have always been justly jealous of the title of Abolitionist, and have never consented that it should be lightly assumed; but we are content that the men who have won this victory, under the difficulties attending the battle, should be known by that title of honor.

But besides the main importance of this election as affecting the matter of slavery and the future of the country as affected by its final settlement and elimination from our polity, it has a most important incidental value in the proof it affords of the strength of a true Republican government. Every quality which is claimed as the peculiar virtue of monarchical governments has been shown by our own in this most trying emergency. The detective power of what are called strong governments has been displayed eminently in the discovery of the designs of the traitors and their accomplices in Canada, in Indiana, and at Baltimore, in the matter of Gov. Seymour's agents. The sufficient and resolute application of force, or the presence of it, for the repression or prevention of domestic violence, has been evinced in the absolute quiet and peaceableness of the election, in spite of all the plots for disturbing and diverting it by brute force. There was never a general election in England conducted in so absolutely tranquil and peaceable a manner. And this with scarce the imputation of interference with the freedom of election. Some of the Copperhead papers, indeed, have uttered this charge, which, in their mouths, is a simple confession of disappointment [illegible] were [illegible] to keep Republicans [illegible], and is [illegible] sufficiently answered by the majority of thirty-seven thousand in this city, where the chief preparations against mob violence or rebellious outbreak were made. The sufficiency of a Republican government to maintain order when disturbance is reasonably anticipated, has now been proved, and its power to restore it in case of an unexpected outbreak was demonstrated in the suppression of the riots of last year in this city, and the completion of the draft which those riots were engineered to prevent. The difficult problem of the coexistence of sufficient power to prevent or punish disorder with civil and personal liberty is to this extent solved. And, for the first time in our history, satisfactorily. For, the government of the slaveholders, at home, and in the whole country as far as their sway extended, was ever an Oligarchic Mobocracy. The poor whites constituted the mobs by which they governed their own States; and the ignorant and vicious classes, controlled by more intelligent tools of their own, formed the mobs by which they endeavored to govern us. With the destruction of slavery, mob-law will die out. We shall have governments, National as well as State, with no interest in fostering or permitting it. And we shall show the world an example of a government created by the governed strong enough to defend itself and all under its protection without interfering with public or private rights.

Another most satisfactory result of the late election, or, rather, an integral part of it, is, the election of a sufficient number of "Abolition" members of Congress, to secure the two-thirds vote necessary to abolish slavery by Constitutional Amendment. We regard this result as certain as any future political event can be, at the session of 1865–6. But is it not possible to procure that blessed action at the very next session? May there not be War Democrats enough who, seeing that slavery is doomed, will be wise and humane enough to give it the *coup de grace* at once? The sooner that vexed question is removed out of the domain of politics the better for the country and all in it—and, especially, for the slaves and the slaveholders. We trust that a wise and forecasting spirit may possess those Democrats who have done all they could to preserve to the slaveholders what they esteemed their constitutional rights, but who are not willing to sacrifice their country to save those rights, and lead them to aid in removing this stumbling-block and rock of offence out of the path of the Nation. We trust that no honorable means of influencing their action will be neglected, that they may be induced to earn the lasting gratitude of their countrymen by not hindering that from being done at once which it is now demonstrable must be done soon. This Congress has done virtuously, and will live in history as few of its predecessors have done. But if it can crown its works with the successful accomplishment of Constitutional Emancipation, it will place itself on a pinnacle of glory which few of its successors can hope to entertain and none to overpass. Such a meed of fame is indeed worthy of the most generous ambition, and we are by no means without a well-founded hope that the present Congress will not consent to leave it to be seized by its successor. The country has stood the test of this rebellion, as none other ever did—for none other was ever so tried. It has vindicated its power to protect itself and to punish its enemies. This election proves that it still purposes to do these things, and that effectually. It has declared its pleasure that slavery shall die and that itself shall live, with no jot curtailed of the domain inherited from its ancestors. The President must and will do his share of this work. Will not Congress make haste and do the part that belongs to it, and thus deserve the gratitude and blessings of their country, of their posterity and of the world?

A SWEEPING VICTORY.

We give below a list of the States that voted for Lincoln and Johnson in the recent election, with the number of the electoral votes of each, and the popular majorities as nigh as they can now be estimated.

LINCOLN STATES.

States.	Elec. Votes.	Pop. Maj.
Maine	7	25,000
New Hampshire	5	2 500
Vermont	5	30 000
Massachusetts	12	76,000
Rhode Island	4	5 000
Connecticut	6	3,000
New York	33	8,000
Pennsylvania	26	20.000
Ohio	21	70,000
Indiana	13	30,000
Illinois	16	30,000
Michigan	8	10,000
Iowa	8	50 000
Wisconsin	8	5,000
Minnesota	4	5 000
California	5	20,000
Oregon	3	2 000
Nevada	3	3,000
Missouri	11	5,000
Maryland	7	8,000
Kansas	3	18,000
West Virginia	5	2,000
Totals.	213	427,500

M'CLELLAN STATES.

States.	Elec. Votes.	Pop. Maj.
New Jersey	7	7,000
Delaware	3	5.000
Kentucky	11	*est.* 25,000
Totals.	21	37,000

Deducting the majorities for McClellan in New Jersey, Kentucky and Delaware from the majorities for Lincoln in the States that have voted for him, and the nett popular majority for the latter in the whole country will be 390,000, without counting Tennessee or Louisiana. Of course the official returns will change these figures somewhat, but they are likely, we think, to make Lincoln's majority more rather than less.

The next Congress, as far as the members have been chosen, stands thus:

Senate	Union	31	Democrat	10
House	"	128	"	37

Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire elect their Representatives in Congress next Spring. They will all doubtless be Union, adding 9 more to the Union majority in the House. Kentucky elects her members, 9 in number, in August next.

The defeat of Seymour in this State is only second in importance to that of McClellan.

THE RIGHTS OF THE NEGRO.—Theodore Tilton, at the meeting lately held at the Cooper Institute to rejoice over the results of the election, closed his speech with a vigorous appeal for the rights of the negro, indignantly demanding why the black soldier, in the field, who shares the perils and the hardships of war, should not have an equal right to vote with the white scoundrel who stuffs the ballot-boxes in New York city. Many of those who voted for Lincoln are, we fear, a little tender-footed on this question of Negro Suffrage. Abolitionists should labor to convert them all to the true faith of human equality. The abolition of slavery once secured, suffrage for the negro *must* follow as surely as night follows day. We should have given the negro his right to vote in every free State long before now, but for the malign spirit which has been kept alive among the people through their complicity with slavery at the South.

MR. THOMPSON AT THE WEST.—We are glad to learn that the friends of freedom in some of the principal cities of the West are to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing that distinguished champion of their cause, the Hon. GEORGE THOMPSON. Mr. T., we understand, left Boston on Monday night for Oberlin, where he was under an engagement to speak on Wednesday evening. He will spend about three weeks at the West, speaking, probably, in Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Fond du Lac and Cincinnati, and, possibly, St. Louis, Wheeling and Pittsburg. His time will be limited by an engagement to speak before the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston on the 14th of December.

That he will be warmly welcomed at the West, and that his labors there will give new strength to the cause of freedom, we entertain no doubt. Our only anxiety is lest his health should not prove adequate to the work he has undertaken.

LETTER FROM M. D. CONWAY.

28 NOTTING HILL SQUARE,
BAYSWATER, LONDON W.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE only to-day (Oct. 13) seen your reply to my letter about the black Sergeant and other matters, published in your issue of Aug. 27. This was on account of absence from London. Even if it were not too late to make a discussion useful, I would not care to prolong it. Mr. Garrison and those who agree with him have doubtless by this time seen the accomplishment of their object; and time will show whether they were wise or otherwise. But there are two points I am compelled to notice in your reply.

1. You say: "Mr. Conway appears to have a very inadequate idea of the nature of his mistake in the correspondence with Mason." "Want of deference for diplomatic forms and proprieties was of little consequence compared with the lack of deference for truth which he exhibited when he deliberately wrote these words: '*I have authority to make the following proposition*' (a proposition, viz: that if the Confederate States would abolish slavery, the Abolitionists would immediately oppose the prosecution of the war for the restoration of the Union) *on behalf of the leading anti slavery men of America, who have sent me to this country* (England)." "Now (you say), in the first place, it was not true that the leading anti-slavery men of America *sent* Mr. Conway to England; and in the next place they had not authorized him to make any proposition whatever to Mr. Mason."

Permit me, in reply, to say that the Editor of the STANDARD appears to have a very inadequate idea of what he is talking about in writing thus. The leading anti-slavery men of America *did* send me to England, paying my expenses hither and giving me such introductions as would secure my representing the American cause before English audiences. Wendell Phillips first proposed the trip to me, and Mr. Garrison at once sanctioned it, and with some twenty letters of introduction gave me much instruction and advice as to how I should work, attending me to the station as I was departing. If I misrepresented the opinions of Mr. Garrison and other leading Abolitionists in saying that they would not support the war apart from the question of Freedom—that if the slaves were all free they would not approve the slaughter of human beings for mere empire—why will not some of them come out and say that he *would* support the war were emancipation not at all so involved? If they—the leading Abolitionists—will not say that, it proves that I interpreted them rightly; that I correctly represented in my letter the motives with which they support the war and commend it to anti-slavery Englishmen. If they will come out and say that they *would* support the war were the freedom of no slave involved, I will then acknowledge my mistake, and try to show sufficient reasons for my making the mistake. Until then I affirm that I had authority to declare, on behalf of "the leading Abolitionists who sent me here," that their support was given to this war only because it is a war of emancipation. Then you say that "in the next place" they had not authorized me to make any proposition whatever to Mr. Mason. The terms of my letter do not assume that I had authority to make that proposition *to Mason*. The form in which I made it—the person to whom I made it—were of my own choice and on my own responsibility. I had again and again said in public addresses that the South had only to abolish slavery to disarm Abolition support of the war, long before I wrote to Mason—a proposition I had authority to make. I asked you if you would support this carnage for a less principle: you refused to reply, calling it "hypothetical." It is not hypothetical to me, for it involves the question whether you have justly branded me with falsification: you are bound to reply, or else retract the charge that I made an unauthorized statement of the motives of Abolitionists in sustaining this war. In this connection let me remind you that among all the criticisms made by Abolitionists in America on that correspondence, I have heard of no repudiation of the principle, but only of its being embodied in a proposition to the rebel Envoy—and that Mr. Phillips (who doesn't evade plain questions) earnestly and publicly endorsed that principle, without rebuke from the leading Abolitionists on the platform by his side.

2. I must protest against what is implied in the following: "In this he illustrates the spirit and practice of his school—a spirit alike narrow, censorious, intolerant and divisive—a practice which makes no allowance for honest differences of opinion, which gives an inch the importance of a mile, makes a mountain of every molehill, gives to that which is incidental and temporary the attention due only to what is primary and fundamental, and holds dissent from the blindest extravagances of speech and action tantamount to a betrayal of the cause." I protest that it is simply absurd to represent the difference between those Abolitionists who supported and those who opposed Mr. Lincoln's reëlection as superficial and not fundamental. Mr. Lincoln was opposed because he was deemed faithless to the cause of Freedom in its very ordeal. Is it a molehill to have over a half million of men and women, legally free, held in serfdom with danger of reënslavement for a year, or for one day? Does Col. McKaye's report tell of only "an inch" of wrong done under Banks, which Mr. Lincoln might have prevented (*and has not*) by a word? "Incidental and temporary!" The compromisers who made the Constitution so declared servitude in the South, and the slave trade—but we know how incidental and temporary they turned out to be. Those negroes of New Orleans are now held by Gen. Banks as a fund from which Mr. Seward may presently wish to help buy back the old Union. He can easily throw the odium of the work on the Supreme Court. Then perhaps you will acknowledge that the policy which so retained them in danger, instead of letting them go, though they starved when restoration to slavery would have been impossible, was a *fundamental* wrong. It was but the delay of six hours on the part of Earl Russell that resulted in all the depredations of the Alabama. I trust and pray that it may turn out that these fears are groundless, though there seems to me a heavy cloud for the anti slavery cause ahead; but it is absurd to say that it is a light question—and not fundamental—whether in this tremendous crisis the helm shall be given to a friend or foe of *immediate and entire* emancipation. If—and here I bow to the justice of your indictment—I voted for Mr. Lincoln, I surely ought to try my best to undo the wrong I then did.

Yours, truly, M. D. CONWAY.

EDITOR'S REMARKS.

1. Unless we are greatly misinformed, the anti-slavery friends who, upon solicitation, generously contributed toward defraying the expenses of Mr. Conway's visit to England, and kindly gave him letters of introduction to their friends in that country, did not thereby invest him with any diplomatic authority whatever. Nor do we think it proper to say that they "*sent*" him. As we understand the matter, they simply aided him in making a visit to the old country, in the hope that, while acting entirely upon his own responsibility, he would do the anti-slavery cause good service. His assumption of representative functions was without shadow of warrant.

2. No more than Mr. Conway are we authorized to speak for "the leading anti-slavery men of America"; but we do not hesitate to express the opinion, that if the Confederates were to abolish slavery and promise ever so solemnly that it should never be reëstablished, the anti-slavery party of the country, with perhaps a few individual exceptions, would still support the Administration in its efforts to put down the rebellion and restore the unity of the nation. The Abolitionists, as we understand them, hold, not that the abolition of slavery is the end of the war, but a necessary and therefore rightful *means* to that end. And we do not hesitate to say that, if war is ever justifiable, it is so in this case on the part of the North, and would be even if the rebels should abolish slavery.

3. Mr. Conway misapplies the passage he quotes, under his second head, from our remarks on his former letter, as the reader may see for himself, if he will take the trouble to refer to the STANDARD of Aug. 27. To all that was unjust in the system of plantation labor temporarily established by Gen. Banks, Mr. Garrison and ourselves were and are as earnestly opposed as Mr. Conway can be; but we differed from him in that we were willing to believe that Gen. Banks, under very embarrassing circumstances, acted according to his best judgment, and that we confidently relied upon the President to correct such evils in the system as experience might reveal. We did not think it the part of wisdom to assail the Administration as if the blunders of Banks were deliberate crimes, which it could no disposition to correct, and for which, in spite o that it had done and was doing to secure the exter tion of slavery, it would be statesmanlike for the litionists to help the Copperheads drive it from po

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIE

THE Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Sla Society was held in the Horticultural Hall in Chester, Pa., on Friday, the 11th of November.

The meeting was called to order by the Preside the Society, JAMES MOTT, who made an approp opening address. REUBEN TOMLINSON was appo Secretary, *pro tem.* A Finance Committee was pointed, consisting of the following persons: Cha Darlington, Thomas Garrett, Abby Kimber, D Mendenhall.

The following persons were appointed a Comm to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Sarah P E. H. Corson, Mahlon B. Linton, Alice E. Hamb Hannah Cox.

The Annual Report of the Executive Committee read by the Corresponding Secretary, Benjamin Bacon; and was discussed by J. M. McKim, O Johnson, J. W. Hurn, Chandler Darlington, Rev. H. Furness, and others.

The following Report from the Treasurer was sented:

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in account wi S. Pugh, *Treasurer.*

DR.

To Agents..........
To Rent of Office..........
To National Society for A. S. Standard..........
To National Society for Decade Reports..........
To Sundries..........
To Balance in Treasury..........

Total..........

CR.

By Balance on hand, Oct. 1, 1863..........
By Individual Subscriptions..........
By Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society..........
By Sale..........
By Subscriptions for A. S. Standard..........

Total..........

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1864.

This account is correct.

JAMES Mo

MARY GREW presented the following series of lutions for consideration and discussion:

Resolved, That we number among the triumph Freedom, which the past year has witnessed, the r of all the fugitive slave statutes which, during the seventy years, have disgraced our National St Book; the prohibition of the coastwise slave trade admission of colored persons as witnesses in the c of the United States; the order, extorted by our ernment from the rebels, that our free colored sol who may be taken prisoners by them shall be tre as prisoners of war; the prohibition of slavery tained in the new Constitution for Louisiana; and admission of Nevada, a free State, into the Union that for these victories we thank God and congrat the nation.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the glad ti the immediate and unconditional abolition of sla in Maryland, whereby 87,000 slaves have become men, and one of the States of this Union is rede from the curse which has branded our Southern try and perilled our national life; and that we con ulate our sister State and felicitate ourselves tha line which divides our territory shall no more b boundary between liberty and slavery, across the bondman shall fly, trembling with hope and and that the Commonwealths which God hath j together the demon of slavery shall no longer asunder.

Resolved, That we greatly rejoice over the res the recent Presidential election, regarding it as an in tion that the people of the North have decreed the of American slavery, and will, therefore, make no promises with it; and that we regard it as an espe cheering sign of promise for our country that that of her citizens who have perilled and suffered mo her sake, during the course of the present war, testified by their votes the strongest opposition to honorable peace.

Resolved, That the continued prosperity of the f men of South Carolina, and in the other militar partments of the South, is a sufficient refutation o charge that emancipated slaves would necessaril come burdens on the charity of the benevolent or industry of the tax-paying citizens, and a suffi rebuke of the slander that slaves are incapabl appreciating the blessings of freedom or the advant of education.

Resolved, That while we rejoice over the triu of liberty, and the many bright signs of promise w the past year has seen, and especially hail with ness some indications of increasing popular respec the colored man, *as man*, we greatly deplore the in and injuries to which an unoffending class of our low-citizens are still subjected on account of t color; and we protest against the vulgar and wic prejudice which excludes them from seats in our way cars, our churches, or our places of public inst tion or amusement.

Resolved, That the duty which the present time mands of the Abolitionists is unabated vigilance in half of the interests of liberty, lest, in an evil hou temptation, they should be sacrificed by the nation the name of Union and the false promise of prosper and that in that momentous period not far distant, w the great problem of reconstruction must be solved this people, we must stand, as we have always st the representatives of the slave, demanding for absolute justice, protesting against the sacrifice o one of his rights, exhorting and entreating our fell countrymen, by the dark history of the past, by brief opportunity of the present, and by all their ho of the future, to rebuild our national temple o firmer foundation than our fathers laid, that so it rise, through the years to come, a superstruct grand and beautiful and strong, in which their c dren's children may securely dwell, and which sh be, in deed and truth, a home for the oppressed of nations.

Resolved, That we will address ourselves, at once the work of moving Congress, at its approaching s sion, to adopt an amendment to the Federal Consti tion prohibiting forever hereafter the existence slavery in the United States.

Resolved, That when slavery is abolished, and f ever prohibited throughout the United States, by t highest law of the land, the work of the Abolitionis will be accomplished; but until that consummation our labor shall be attained, we will remain at o posts, and endeavor faithfully to guard the trust co mitted to us—the interests of the slave—until we ca resign him to his own keeping, and the protection his country's laws.

Resolved, That in the death of Hon. Joshua R. Gi dings, and Hon. Owen Lovejoy, the American slav has been bereaved of two most faithful champions, Abolitionists of beloved and valued coadjutors, and country of sons who were ever true to her highes interests; and while we mourn the loss of these untir ing, brave, and self-sacrificing friends of liberty, w rejoice that they were permitted to see, with their dying eyes, the morning rays of that day of jubilee which will consummate the work for which they lived and in which they died.

Resolved, That in reviewing our anti slavery war fare, and contrasting its apparently feeble beginnings with the grandeur of its closing triumphs, we are filled with gratitude to God, whose arm hath won these vic tories; and, reverently acknowledging the wisdom which has led us by a way which often we knew no and the power which has made the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and the love which is opening the prison doors and bidding the oppressed go free, we await, with faith and hope almost changed to sight, the work which yet remains for us, and the an nouncement that American slavery is no more, and that we may put off our armor and celebrate the nation's jubilee.

The remainder of the morning session was occupied with brief addresses from several members, upon the progress of the cause and the present aspects of the times.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society reassembled at two o'clock, one of the Vice-Presidents, ROBERT PURVIS, presiding.

The resolutions were called for, and were again read. The following resolution was presented by REUBEN TOMLINSON:

Resolved, That we welcome the organization of

Freedmen's Aid Societies, as an indication that the people of the North are determined that slavery shall not only die, but that its victims shall have such aid as will enable them to become a self-supporting and progressive people, and that while we feel that our own special work is not yet completed, we desire to express our hearty sympathy and coöperation with all efforts made for the elevation and relief of those who are just issuing from the house of bondage.

J. M. McKim presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That we have heard with satisfaction that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society has under consideration a plan for uniting the *Liberator* and the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD in one paper, in the conduct of which William Lloyd Garrison shall take an active part; and that we earnestly hope the said plan may be carried into effect at an early day.

An animated discussion of this resolution ensued, in which many members of the Society, and the editor of the STANDARD participated. Criticisms on the recent course of both these papers, especially our own organ, the STANDARD, were freely expressed. Several speakers expressed dissatisfaction with the manner in which the STANDARD had been conducted during the late Presidential campaign, regarding it as not sufficiently faithful in rebuking the shortcomings of the Administration, and not always just in its treatment of the advocates of Fremont's nomination. Other speakers replied in defence of its course, and expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the paper had been conducted. It was suggested that, whatever difference of sentiment there might be relative to its past course, the close of the Presidential campaign would, probably, put an end to the causes of such difference; and that hereafter the paper would be so conducted that we might all heartily unite in its support. The resolution expressing approval of the proposition to unite the two Anti-Slavery papers was adopted without dissent.

Brief addresses were made by Rev. Wm. H. Furness and Reuben Tomlinson. The latter gave an interesting account of his experience as a Superintendent among the Freedmen of Port Royal and other islands.

The series of resolutions presented in the morning, and the resolution offered by Mr. Tomlinson, were unanimously adopted.

The Committee on nominations reported the names of the following persons as officers for the ensuing year, and they were elected:

President—JAMES MOTT.

Vice-Presidents—THOMAS WHITSON, ROBERT PURVIS.

Corresponding Secretary—BENJAMIN C. BACON.

Recording Secretary—EDWARD M. DAVIS.

Treasurer—SARAH PUGH.

Additional Members of the Executive Committee—Lucretia Mott, J. Miller McKim, Mary Grew, Abby Kimber, Margaret J. Burleigh, Simon Barnard.

The Society adjourned until the evening.

The Evening Session was occupied with addresses from James Mott, Edward M. Davis, Robert Purvis, Dr. F. Taylor, Oliver Johnson, Mary Grew, and Lucretia Mott.

The general spirit and tone of the Meeting was one of exultation and hope. The speakers evidently felt the impossibility of even recounting all the triumphs which our cause has won during the last few years, or of fully realizing the great moral revolution through which the Nation is passing. Gratitude for past success, and confident expectation that our final victory is at hand pervaded all hearts.

At a late hour in the evening, the Society adjourned *sine die*.

POLITICAL.

The New York *Sunday Mercury*, a zealous supporter of McClellan, attributes his defeat to the mismanagement of Belmont and Co., who "strapped and buckled their candidate to a platform that was a sufficient dead-weight to sink Noah's Ark or the Great Eastern, and if tacked on to one of the planets would have dragged it from its sphere." Another of their blunders it thus describes:

"In their attitude toward Fremont and his supporters, the Democratic managers displayed the greatest degree of incorrigible stupidity. Fremont and his friends were anxious to defeat Lincoln; that was the darling object which called the Cleveland Convention into existence. Had the Democrats extended any aid and comfort to these natural allies, Fremont would have been in the field until the close of the polls, and McClellan would be President of the United States. But they gave the Pathfinder the cold shoulder from the start; whereas they might have secured for him an electoral ticket in every State in the Union, and divided Lincoln's vote, and procured his defeat."

The New York *Daily News*, the organ of the Vallandigham Peace party, attributes the defeat of the Democracy in the late election to their abandonment of the Peace principle. It says:

"The Democracy deserted their principle, and they now realize the fatal consequence. The bitter fruit of their apostacy is at their lips, and its ashes is a just penance for their breach of faith. Let them profit by the lesson. Henceforward let them banish the word expediency from their political lexicon. It has been their curse in every issue presented to the people since the commencement of this war, and it defeated them on Tuesday last. From this time forward let War Democracy be shunned as the pestilence, and never more be permitted to exert its paralyzing influence upon the counsels of the party it has betrayed and ruined. The War Democrats have made the final trial of their experiment, and they have failed. But it is not failure alone that they have to answer for. They have left a stain upon the Democratic record. They have dishonored the standard that, by a contemptible fraud, they lured into an ambuscade where its truest defenders could not in conscience and consistency follow to its rescue. They have caused the Democratic party this day to stand before their country disgraced with the brand of renegades, and wearing the damning proofs of treachery toward their own Convention and their time-honored principles. They have established the precedent of insubordination to party discipline, and have attached the character of inconstancy to an organization that, before they poisoned its system, had been true to itself throughout a half century of political supremacy. They have had their day, and a sad one it has been to the Republic. .... Let us now commence the task of party reorganization. The War Democracy is in the dust—there let it stay. Perish the sentiment and the name, and let it only live as warning to the memory of the mischief it has wrought. ...... The Democracy know to-day that they have taken the wrong path; let them retrace their steps. Cut adrift, now and forever, from everything that has the taint of War Democracy. Let it be held ao unclean thing, forbidden within the camp. Crush it beneath the heel, as you would the serpent whose nature it partakes of."

Bennett's *Herald* attributes the defeat of McClellan to a cause the precise opposite of that assigned by the *Daily News*. It says:

"The Democratic party, in the late Presidential contest, have suffered a disastrous defeat. The rank and file may safely charge it to their own folly, in consenting to be guided by their stupid Copperhead Peace leaders. From the splendid run which Gen. McClellan has made in New York and Pennsylvania, with the dead weights he had to carry of the Chicago platform, Pendleton, Vallandigham and Company, it is apparent that under a Democratic war organization, like that of 1862, he could have been elected. Six months ago, from the dissensions and divisions which had crept into the Republican camp, the Democrats were presented a glorious opportunity to step forward and to strike in for the popular balance of power, and carry off the prize. We pointed out to them at the time the advantage at their command, and a simple common sense plan of operations which would have carried them to certain victory; but all to no purpose. They still followed their Copperhead jack o'-lanterns of peace-at-any-price, and so now, leaders and followers lie floundering together in the same morass into which they blundered twelve months ago."

STRANGE!—The Boston *Congregationalist*, in one column, censures certain Methodist ministers for fraternizing with Unitarians, and in another records the evidence that ministers and laymen of its own denomination are in loving fellowship with Southside Adams! To deny the smallest item of the orthodox creed exposes the offender to ecclesiastical proscription; but an orthodox minister who stabs Christianity to the heart by employing it as a shield to the system of slavery is in no danger on that account of forfeiting ecclesiastical honors. Why is it that men who regard a doctrinal heresy as little better than a crime are so insensible to heresies in morals, which strike at the very foundations of the Christian faith?

MISSOURI.—The results of the recent election in this State are such as should fill the whole land with rejoicing. They are as follows: The Lincoln Electoral ticket chosen by a majority of 10,000; six Union members of Congress and the whole Radical State ticket elected; the Legislature Union by a large majority; a new Constitutional Convention called, and a majority of Radical delegates thereto elected—thereby securing the immediate abolition of slavery!

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12th, 1864.

THE election is over, and the result fully equals the anticipations of the most sanguine. For one I readily acknowledge that I greatly feared that McClellan, by a sudden reaction from the October elections and by wholesale frauds, might be elected. One week ago to-day it seemed in Washington almost certain that the State of New York would give its electoral vote to McClellan. His friends here were *certain* of the result, offering bets in large amounts, which were generally declined. The Democratic leaders in this city knew of facts in connection with the soldiers' votes which were unknown to Republicans, and those facts gave them a perfect confidence in the result. Six weeks ago these same Opposition politicians were discouraged, and constantly talking about "Lincoln's hirelings," and the impossibility of securing a fair vote in the army. The soldiers were *compelled* to vote for Lincoln—they said. Suddenly this all changed. The soldiers were nearly all voting for McClellan, asserted these Opposition managers, and they were singularly confident of the result. That they were conscious of the plans for fraud on a large scale I feel sure. If not, why this sudden accession of confidence? It is probable that thousands of votes which were prepared were not cast for fear of detection. The exposure of the frauds in Baltimore and in this city, and the sending of Butler with a large force to New York, terrified many of the participators in the fraud. As it is, I have not a doubt that not less than ten thousand fraudulent votes were cast for McClellan and Seymour in the State of New York, and I say this after listening to the opinions of gentlemen who *know* of the fraudulent work done by Seymour's agents in the army. We are safe over a perilous passage, and are, I trust, all the more thankful because of the danger escaped.

Mr. Lincoln's speech is very much discussed in political circles, and some of the more nervous of our friends see in it a disposition towards a very Conservative policy. I see nothing of the sort in it, but simply an overflow of Mr. Lincoln's kindliness of disposition. There was never a sentiment of revenge in the man, and when he made his speech to the immense midnight crowd I have no doubt that he felt a very strong degree of pity for Gen. McClellan. He was sorry for *the man*, and, of course, exceedingly glad that his principles had met with such an indignant rebuke. In the moment of triumph Mr. Lincoln was magnanimous—and this fact accounts for his speech. Nobody can doubt that it is wise for him to endeavor to attract to him and the Administration all the loyal men of the Opposition, so far as he can do so without compromising principles. The speech of the other evening shows that he thinks so.

Mr. Seward's speech was a very jolly one. He was quite jolly himself in his talk about Paul and the Hot Springs of Naples. In his exuberant humor he uttered some things the reporters did not take down, or which were excluded by some sober censor. He said that the rebels would be back again in Congress *in eighteen months*. I feel certain that the term he fixed was *eighteen months*. The corrected report of the next morning says *three years*. He was certain of the abolition of slavery by an amendment of the Constitution in a very short time, and equally confident that "the vacant seats" in Congress would soon be filled. I confess to a feeling of alarm when I heard him begin to utter predictions. There is a kind of fatality attending them, and if he means well to the cause he should forego the pleasure of fixing the exact day for the final collapse of the rebellion. But the speech was anti-slavery to the core—the *real* speech rather more so than the published one.

The rebel newspapers received here yesterday are full of wailing over the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln. Their grief, however, is all *for us*—not a bit of it is for themselves! It is amusing to notice the indignation of the Richmond editors over the proposition of Jeff. Davis to put them into the army. The *Enquirer* of Thursday morning reminds Mr. Davis that he may go too far, and actually hints at assassination! It is easy to perceive that the rebel leaders are disappointed and angry over McClellan's defeat, and they look gloomily forward to the future. They are endeavoring to strike a blow at Sheridan before the campaign closes. Ewell's army has been reinforced, and is moving down the Shenandoah Valley upon Sheridan, whose army has been somewhat diminished recently. No disaster is feared while Sheridan commands.

The rebel newspapers of Thursday last insist that Gen. Grant is preparing for another great battle, and they probably are not far wrong. The history of the last "reconnoisance," as it is called here (though it seems to have been a pretty serious fight on some parts of the line), is this: Grant knew that the government did not wish him to take any serious risk before the election. He got ready for battle, but found the enemy strong at every point—too strong to provoke an attack without a serious risk, which it was not wise to incur just on the eve of the Presidential election. That election is over, and it remains to be seen whether Gen. Grant will try again. If the weather is favorable I think that he will, and as war is always full of risks he will not be deterred by the fact that success is uncertain.

Talking a day or two since with an old citizen of Washington respecting the serenade to the President on Thursday evening, and the large numbers present, he replied: "But did you not notice the large proportion of negroes present? The white men there would not have made up a very large assemblage." It was true, and the fact is worth noticing, as it never occurred here before. One-third of the people present to congratulate Mr. Lincoln upon his reëlection *were colored men*. Mr. Lincoln can be proud of the fact. These men know very well who are their friends, and if McClellan was President they would make their plans for an emigration Northward. Four years more of an anti-slavery Administration will so change the position of the colored people of this entire region, and the feelings of the white inhabitants towards them, that it will be safe to trust to any chances after that. The devilish anti-negro spirit is rapidly dying out, even in Northern towns. It never was so strong in Washington as it is to-day in New York and Philadelphia, and the most disgraceful fact of the time is this—that in Philadelphia, which gave Mr. Lincoln ten thousand majority, a colored person cannot ride on a railroad car. It is a burning disgrace to Philadelphia and to the Republicans of that city. It shows that they are little better than their opponents, so far as slavery is concerned. In Washington we have colored cars—cars in which colored people can ride—and there are always as many white people as black in them. A proposition was made in Congress to prohibit exclusion of persons on account of their color, and it would have been adopted but for the fact stated in debate, that Philadelphia did not allow colored people to ride with white people in the cars. It was thought unfair to *compel* the people of this District to abandon prejudices which were respected by a Republican city like Philadelphia.

The colored people of Washington are doing very well this year. The war has made them prosperous. Labor is high, and they have all the work they desire at high prices. There is a large amount of wealth among them, and while the masses, of course, are poor, I know of not one colored beggar in the city or District. A few of them have got rich since the war began.

Gen. Wallace has filled the hearts of the Maryland rebels with consternation. They had gained control of the State Senate, and were determined not to carry out the emancipation sections of the new Constitution. Gen. Wallace has taken the subject into his own care. The former slaveholders are put under the care of the Provost-Marshals of the State, and the semi-rebels of the lower Counties will find themselves without the power to arrest the onward progress of the State.

AVON.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The Boston Board of Trade has appointed a committee to devise some suitable testimonial to Capt. Winslow, the hero of the Kearsage. The *Advertiser* states that Joseph Storey Fay, the notorious Copperhead, who lowered the Union flag at half-mast on the 4th of July, was nominated one of the Committee; but subsequently had his name erased by a vote of 26 to 6.

A CHEERING WORD.—A friend in Massachusetts writes: "Your paper grows better and better, and I have a feast of fat things every Sunday in reading it. I can but laugh to see so many jump on to the car of freedom, who, a short time since, called us fools and fanatics. Well, God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM COLORED PERSONS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE efforts to establish an institution of this kind in Philadelphia are likely to be successful. Over $1,500 have thus far been subscribed, which, however encouraging, is much less than will be needed to make it what it should be. A number of the colored people have become interested, and have contributed from their moderate means, and it is to be hoped that no one who professes to be friendly to the welfare of the colored people will hold back from throwing into its treasury, even though it be the "poor widow's mite."

Two dollars constitute an annual member. When a house shall be selected, contributions of supplies, furniture, provisions, fuel, etc., will be very acceptable.

The following officers have been chosen:

President—DILLWYN PARRISH.

Vice-President—Stephen Smith.

Secretary—Marcellus Balderston.

Treasurer—Samuel R. Shipley, 112 Chestnut, or 1623 Filbert street.

Managers—Wm. J. Alston, John S. Hilles, Maurice Hall, Wm. Still, Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Israel H. Johnson, Henry Gorden, Wm. H. Bacon, Abm. Fields, Clayton Miller, Joshua Brown, Jacob C. White, Sarah M. Douglass, Sarah Parrish, Helen Johnson, Mary Jeanes, Rachel T. Jackson, Elizabeth Harris, Ann Laws, Alice Hudson, Priscilla H. Henszey, Grace Mapes, Catharine M. Shipley, and Mary Shaw.

PROTECTION FOR EMANCIPATED SLAVES.—It seems that the ex-slaveholders in the Southern Counties of Maryland are so unwilling to acknowledge the freedom of the slaves that it has been found necessary to subject them to military constraint. Major-Gen. Wallace has therefore issued an order setting forth that "certain evil disposed parties in Maryland intend obstructing the operation, and nullifying, as far as they can, the emancipation provision of the new Constitution." He therefore orders that all persons within the Middle Department, heretofore slaves, are now free, and under special military protection until the Legislature shall pass such laws as shall make military protection unnecessary.

A Freedman's Bureau is created, the office to be in Baltimore, and Major William M. Este is appointed to have it in charge. In order to make the Bureau effective, Major Este is authorized to institute investigations, to send for papers and to make necessary arrests. The Provost-Marshals at the various districts are directed to hear all complaints and report the same to Major Este, who is directed to take possession of the Maryland Club House, which is now by order named the Freedmen's Rest. All moneys collected from friends are to be appropriated to the use of the Freedmen's Rest; but for immediate wants Major Este is directed to draw on Col. Woolley.

It is further directed that should the moneys derived from donations and from fines collected prove insufficient to support the institution in a manner corresponding to its importance, Major Este is directed to make a list of all the avowed rebel sympathizers residing in the city, with a view of levying such contributions on them for the support of the institution as may be from time to time required. The execution of this order is directed to be proceeded with at once.

A few years ago the military power of the United States was employed to compel Abolitionists to submit to the Fugitive Slave law; now that same power is exerted to compel rebellious slaveholders to acquiesce in the freedom of their slaves! It is difficult to realize that a change so important and so beneficent has taken place in so short a time.

The Washington correspondent of the *Independent* says:

"General Wallace is fully supported by the President—in fact, came here to consult him before issuing it. It is indicative of the future policy of the Administration. I hear that Mr. Lincoln says that the day of *persuasion* in the rebel border States is over. Henceforth traitors and their friends in Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland will conduct themselves with propriety, or they will be visited with the punishment they deserve. And these States being in constant danger of rebel invasion, will be held under the military power of the government. Gov. Bramlette may as well comprehend this fact now as at a later day."

FREEDOM IN TENNESSEE.—Parson Brownlow, in a recent number of his paper, expresses the opinion that the time has arrived for calling a Convention to make a new Constitution for Tennessee—a Constitution that shall provide for the abolition of slavery. He says:

"Gov. Johnson, in a few days more, will be the Vice-President of the United States, *elect*, and, as a matter of course, will resign the office of Military Governor of Tennessee. Before he retires from that position we hope he will call a Constitutional Convention of delegates, *to be elected, by the loyal men of the State*, with a view to change the organic law of the State. It is obvious to every man who desires to see peace and order restored in Tennessee, as well as the complete restoration of the State to the Union, that action should be taken by the people in their sovereign capacity.

"The present condition of our State demands that some action should be taken *by the loyal citizens*, with a view to change the organic law, and to take all the steps necessary to restore the State to the Union. The slavery question must be settled, and immediate or gradual emancipation provided for. We will have no quiet in Tennessee until this slavery question is settled. The opening of the courts of the country will not meet the case. *That* would produce endless litigation, much strife between neighbors, and break up the harmony of communities.

"We have a large class of men who are loyal, provided slavery is preserved; they are opposed to a Convention, and to any action outside of a *Legislature*. The disloyal men of the State will act with them, and act for *mischief*. These men have one idea, and that idea is the nigger; they dread the action of a Convention, knowing the State will be restored to the Union by its election, and the assemblage of its delegates.

"If these *slavocrats* succeed, no Union man will be permitted to live in the State. It must be settled by the people, assembled in their sovereign capacity, and the sooner the better. The State will then be at peace. The Convention should be chosen by *general ticket*. Let seventy-five men be selected from the Counties representing the House of Representatives, just as so many members of the Legislature are chosen, and twenty-five more, representing the Senatorial Districts. Let all be loyal men, and let none others be put upon the general ticket, and the loyal voters will elect the entire ticket. The ticket thus chosen could be submitted to the people, if deemed advisable, at such time as the Governor might appoint."

The Chattanooga *Gazette* responds to the above and says:

"This State must and will be reorganized by the 4th of March next. We must have our representatives in Congress by that time. *Tennessee will be as free as Maryland on the fourth of next March.* Our Bill of Rights sets forth that all power is inherent in the people, and the loyal people are the only people that have any political rights that the nation is bound to respect. As soon as the Presidential election is over, we shall endeavor to point out the way to reorganize on a basis of real liberty."

THE FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.—The widow of John Brown, of historic fame, with several of the family, started overland during the past season, with a drove of cattle and sheep, for California. There have been painful rumors for some weeks past that the family had been robbed and murdered by hostile Indians or rebel guerillas. The *Akron Beacon* says it is enabled to state from letters recently received by the friends in that vicinity, that it has been ascertained that the family, though unable to reach their destination this Fall, are in a safe position for wintering with their stock, and will resume their journey in early Spring.

CALEB CUSHING.—The silence of this oily-tongued and unscrupulous politician in the late political canvass, and his refusal openly to identify himself with the supporters of McClellan, led many to infer that he had really come over to the anti-slavery side. A friend in Newburyport assures us that this is a mistake. How he voted on the Presidential question is unknown, his ballot having been very carefully folded; but it is suspected that he either voted for McClellan or cast the only *blank* found in the box. That he voted for the McClellan candidate for representative to the Legislature is certain, and there is little reason to hope that he has really repented of his apostacy from New England principles.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the STANDARD for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his advertisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF A VETERAN OF 1812.

AMONG our obituary notices last week, was that of Griffith M. Cooper, of Williamson, Wayne County, New York. His somewhat eventful life makes him worthy of more than a passing notice. He was a son of the late Commander James B. Cooper, and brother of the late Commander Benjamin Cooper, and has a brother who still survives him in the U. S. Navy. He held a commission during the Algerine war, and the war with Great Britain in 1812-15, and took an active part in both. He and his father each commanded gunboats during the action in Long Island Sound between our flotilla and the British men-of-war Maidstone and Sylph, off New London, Conn. After the war he became a convert to the doctrine of peace, and a member of the Society of Friends, a metamorphosis which has no parallel in the history of our navy. Being a man of great natural ability, he [illegible] a very influential member of that Society. When the great fraud upon the Seneca Indians in the State of New York was attempted by the Ogden Land Company, he became the champion of their rights, and, with the aid of the Society, succeeded in baffling both the Land Company and the administration of Martin Van Buren, which took sides against the Indians and undertook to confirm the treaty expelling them from the State, which has since been decided fraudulent and invalid by the Supreme Court of the United States. So potent was his influence in that case that the Company indirectly offered a large reward to induce him to cease his efforts. By the Indians he was denominated "The Indian's Saviour."

When the agitation of the slavery question was forced upon the public, he became a champion of peaceful emancipation. His public speaking on slavery and peace did not please the Conservative portion of his denomination, and he was expelled for the advocacy of the very principles which they professed as a body. His voice was still raised against the wrongs of slavery, and no benevolent enterprise appealed to him in vain. Notwithstanding the war excitement he died, as he had lived, an opponent of both war and slavery.—*West Branch (Pa.) Bulletin.*

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Gen. Sherman, it is rumored, after sending to Gen. Thomas a sufficient number of men to enable him to resist the advance of Hood upon Tennessee, has gone with an army of 75,000 men into the very heart of rebeldom. His programme is unknown save in official circles, and all information is for the present contraband. He may be advancing upon Charleston, or Savannah, or Mobile, or Lynchburg. He has probably taken arms to put in the hands of the slaves, who will doubtless flock by thousands to his standard.

Gen. McClellan sent in his resignation of his Major-Generalship on the day of the election. It was promptly accepted, and the vacancy filled by the appointment to the same rank of brave Phil. Sheridan. To all which the nation will say amen!

The rebel plot discovered in Chicago has been fully confessed by Charles Walsh, one of the captured ringleaders. Col. Vincent Marmaduke, brother of the rebel General of that name, has also made admissions which substantiate Walsh's statements. Twelve thousand rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas were to be liberated, and 13,000 men, all told, were to have seized Chicago.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says that Gen. Ewing has issued an order, to take effect last Saturday, forbidding the circulation of the following named incendiary sheets within the limits of his command: Chicago *Times*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, New York *Day Book*, *Freeman's Journal*, Dayton *Empire*, New York *News*, *Old Guard*, *Metropolitan Record*. Commanding officers are required to close the shops of dealers hereafter issuing or found in possession of the same, and to cause to be arrested and sent to the fortifications those who may be found vending them on the streets.

The reported capture of Plymouth, N. C., by our forces is officially confirmed; so is the flight of Price from Missouri, with heavy loss.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The arrest of Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs, of Kentucky, is likely to bring the disloyal authorities of that State to their senses. There are rumors here of a wide-spread conspiracy in that State—not to take it over to the rebel Confederacy, but to inaugurate a second revolution, the object of which is to make Kentucky independent of the General government. The so-called "Union party" in Kentucky, two years ago, is now in full alliance with the "Democrats," or the "secession" organization. Bramlette and Wickliffe are hand-and-glove in their plans and purposes, and Garrett Davis, who two years ago moved to expel his colleague, Powell, from the United States Senate for treasonable conduct, is now one of his most intimate friends and companions.—*Wash. Cor. Eve. Post.*

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom*."—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

LOYALTY OF THE SLAVES.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 2, 1864.

I yesterday met four officers who escaped, more than a month since, from Andersonville, Ga., where they had been imprisoned. They fully concur in the statements, so often published, of the starving condition of our men, and, as the facts connected with this subject have been already laid before the public in such a variety of well-authenticated documents, I do not deem it necessary to repeat them here, but will confine myself to another subject, which is of vital interest to the people. When leaving the prison each had managed to secrete upon his person a small piece of corn-bread, which they carried along without eating till nearly exhausted, when they sat down to eat it, being then about ten miles from the village. They had travelled all night, but, as they had no knowledge of the country, they were not positive that they had taken the right road. All they knew was that they had steered to the North-west. Daylight had come, and they had found a secure thicket, where they proposed to remain till evening, and had just commenced eating, when they heard footsteps. They naturally dreaded lest they had been pursued, but, to their surprise, the visitor was no other than an old negro, who broke out, "I seed you come in here, and knowed you'd broke out of prison, and I brought you somethin' to eat"; and he produced a basket of sweet potatoes, well roasted, and several large pieces of corn-bread, which he laid before them. It will not be difficult to imagine the feelings of the fugitives at that moment, and the thanks they returned only found vent in tears.

"Dar, dar," said the old man, "don't take on; we know's our friends, dey ofen come's dis way, and we watches for 'em, and always gives 'em somethin'. But let me tell you, massa, don't you trust any white man; but when you meet a niggar, don't be 'fraid; dey's all your friends, and dey won't say nuffin', but will give you anything they've got."

The words of the old man sank deeply into their hearts. "Don't trust any white man"; "the negroes are your friends." The advice was strictly followed. The officers held a long consultation with their sable friend, and were astonished at the intelligence he displayed. He knew all about the Emancipation proclamation, and only wished he was young, that he might fly to our lines and shoulder a musket in behalf of the freedom of his race. He stated that the matter was perfectly understood among all the blacks, and that the whites were in constant dread of a servile insurrection; "but," added the negro, "we haven't no arms, and wouldn't know how to use 'em if we had, till you Yankees learn us." He stated that he was about the house most of the time, as he was too old to work much, and he could hear the white folks talk of the situation of affairs. He represented that all were despondent, and believed that "the Yankees would whip," and that the "Confederates" could not hold out much longer.

The men had seen in the Southern papers the propositions to arm negroes, and they asked the old man what he thought of it.

"Oh," said he, "they'll all take de guns, but dey'll never shoot 'em at a Yankee, kos dey's our friends, but if dey get any, dey'll find Massa Sherman, and put on de blue coats, and den dey'll fight till dey dies, if de Lord wills it."

In the evening their friend returned with a load of provisions—corn-bread and sweet potatoes—so heavy that they could not take all, and when dark came they bid their noble friend farewell, and were departing, when he repeated his former injunction. "Don't trust de white folks; but de niggers is yur friends."

They did not approach a white man on their journey, and could not, therefore, say as to whether there were, or were not, any Unionists among them. But, whenever morning came—for they travelled by night—they sought out a shelter in the woods, and then looked around for a negro, who no sooner learned who they were, than he set about preparing them food—corn-bread and sweet potatoes—and carefully attended them all day.

One thing surprised them, and that was, the perfect understanding existing among the blacks, and the rapidity and secrecy with which they communicated with one another. They have often been visited in their seclusion by fifty of them, all ready to serve them to the best of their ability. While they slept, several would stand sentinel to guard them, at a distance, as the number is now so great that not half of them are employed; and because mistresses and overseers are obliged to be very lenient just now.

Could they have found arms to put in their hands they could have brought away thousands of the negroes with them. One of the officers stated that he never witnessed a parallel, and he believes that Peter the Hermit never aroused greater enthusiasm in the days of the Crusades than one could arouse if he could only address the blacks of the South.

These are facts which should sink deep into every heart. How contemptible the political party that would desert those devoted loyalists, to conciliate the traitors, and induce them once more to come back and resume their places as masters of the nation! How cruel to desert our friends, and reconsign them to all the horrors of slavery! If men could see their true interests, how easily might the rebellion be suppressed!

WINTON.

Summary.

The colored people of Chicago have published a protest against the exclusion of their children from the public schools of that city.

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

The Governor and Council have appointed Hon. S. E. Sewall, of Melrose, as a Commissioner upon the Harbor and Flats, in place of Ex-Gov. Washburn, resigned; and Dr. S. G. Howe, upon the board of State charities, in place of Peleg Chandler, Esq., declined.

BROWNSON'S REVIEW ENDED.—Dr. O. A. Brownson informs the public, by a card in the New York *Herald*, that *Brownson's Quarterly Review* ceased to exist with the number that appeared on the 1st of the present month. No new number will appear, as the continued ill health of the editor does not permit him to continue it.

Mr. Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, says that on the first day of October we had received under the last call over one hundred and twenty thousand volunteers, and he had been informed by authority to which he gave the highest credit, that the last draft, when completed, would furnish all the men that would be needed for the war.

INCIDENT OF THE ELECTION.—After the polls had closed two mounted riflemen, a white man and a negro, were trotting down Seventh avenue, passing Nineteenth st., when the crowd there congregated about the polls began insulting them loudly and throwing missiles at them. They drew in their horses and resting their rifles on their knees faced the great unwashed with a look in their faces, very much as if their minds were made up on *one* point. The backs of their assailants were turned upon them somewhat hastily, disappearing in diverging directions.—*N. Y. Times.*

JO. HOOKER IN TEARS.—In the great Union procession at Springfield, Ill., last week, were *ninety-three* two-horse wagons loaded with wood. It was dumped in a pile for distribution to soldier's families. Gen. Jo. Hooker, while riding up from the depot, met the procession, and was rather stunned by the 93 wood wagons. "Why, where can these farmers find a market for this immense quantity of fuel?" asked the hero. "Oh, General, it is a part of our procession. Every stick of that is going to the families of soldiers absent in the army." The tears gathered in Hooker's eyes—trembled a moment, then ran down the cheeks bronzed in a hundred battles, while he said, "My God! what a people you Illinoisans are! You not only furnish men without stint to fight the battles of the nation, but you take a father's care of their wives and children while they are absent."

POETRY OF AFRICAN DESCENT.—The following stanzas are from a poem by S. Simpson, a member of the 1st U. S. colored troops, lately stationed at Norfolk. They have a little of the old ballad ring. It is called "The Prisoner of War," and begins, "Oh, fare you well, my darling":

Stand ready by your cannon,
Make balls and grape-shot fly,
Trust in God, our Saviour,
And keep your powder dry.

Your waist, it is too slender,
Your fingers they are small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy,
To face a cannon ball.

I know my waist is slender,
My fingers they are small;
It never made me tremble,
To see ten thousand fall.

HOW A BLACK REPUBLIC IS GOVERNED.—President Geffrard, of Hayti, has issued a proclamation to his people, in which he tells them that though three insurrections had broken out within the past six months, they are now all quelled, and order is completely restored. The President has, at the solicitation of Gen. Philipeaux, consented to commute the death sentence passed on those convicted of treason in the Cape Haytien rebellion of July last. Gen. Philipeaux was one of their marked victims, and his magnanimity is therefore the more noticeable. President Geffrard's proclamation is a well-written, dignified document, and concludes with an expression of his faith in the permanency of the Haytian Republic. The city of Port au Prince intends building an hospital for the poor. The condition of the Republic, both politically and materially, is favorable.

Rev. Edward Scott, the well known colored preacher, died at Paris Island, South Carolina, 3d instant, of fever. Mr. Scott was formerly a slave, but some twenty-five years since secured a passage in a down-east vessel, from New-Orleans and bondage, to Portland and freedom. For nearly twenty years he has resided in Portland, and most of that time been pastor of the Pond-street Church. Ever active in his efforts to free and elevate his race, and faithful to every trust, he secured the confidence of all as a true man and sincere Christian. Last Spring he left here to labor among the freedmen, having been commissioned by the Freewill Baptist Home Mission Society, and was stationed at Paris Island, where he did good service until he was honorably discharged by death, and called up higher.

The Richmond *Enquirer* gives a temperance address in the following extract concerning the Shenandoah:

"The work of destruction goes on apace in the unhappy valley. Barns and mills are burned to the ground wherever found, and everything that walks the hoof is slaughtered or driven to Alexandria. But it is a notable fact that whatever else may be destroyed, *the stills that have flooded the valley with apple brandy are invariably spared*. Here, we greatly fear, is the Illiad of all our woes. The enemy is far too smart to apply the torch to these Pandora boxes of all that is evil and mischievous.

* * * *

"Apple brandy and not Sheridan's wretched infantry, or his boasted cavalry, has blasted the fairest portion of Virginia, and brought intolerable shame to what was once the very pick and flower of Lee's indomitable army. In God's name, let us have done with this accursed fluid, and make quick work of it."

CALIFORNIA ANTI-SLAVERY.—Hon. John R. Buckbee, formerly a leading Breckinridge Democrat, writes to the *Tribune* from California:

"To-day California is as thoroughly *anti-slavery*, or ABOLITION, if you choose, as Massachusetts. We have come in *personal* conflict with the 'chivalry.' Their whips have ceased to drive us. We call slavery now just what it is—an evil in politics—an evil to the white race and to the negro—accursed of God and men. The days of lynching and rotten eggs for liberty men are passed. Sometimes I feel humiliated to think that for so many years I have been the companion of treason-hatchers; that I quieted my own better instincts and conscience in echoing their sophistries. I do it no more forever. I go for the utter extermination of slavery, that my children may never be called upon to witness another rebellion in its interest. The cost in blood and treasure is too terrible for repetition, nor will it be repeated."

THE INFLUENCE OF AN ANTI-SLAVERY POLICY ABROAD.—In his admirable address before the Fraternity, on Tuesday evening last, Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Oxford University, fully confirmed all that has ever been maintained in these columns relative to the necessity of an anti-slavery policy on the part of our Administration to gain the early and continued friendship of England. He said:

"While aristocratic England is against America, the England of Milton, Hampden and Cromwell is mainly with her. English sentiment in regard to slavery is lower than formerly, but if the North is surprised that England has not sided more heartily with her, it should be remembered that the position of the North on the subject of slavery was not clearly defined for some time, while public sentiment in this country is largely divided even now, and a great party stands ready to restore the Union with slavery."

HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH OF GETTYSBURG.—Our readers will not have forgotten that most touching of war incidents—the finding of the dead body of an unknown Union soldier on the memorable field of Gettysburg, the brave hand grasping in death the picture of his three little children. This picture, months afterward, led to the identification of the father, who had been buried among the unknown dead. The widow of that noble soldier resides, with her three fatherless little ones, at Portville, N. Y. She is in destitute circumstances, and an effort is in progress to assist her and the children by selling copies of the interesting picture, sanctified by the last yearning gaze of the martyred father; and also by the sale of a beautiful piece of music, composed upon the incident, and entitled, "The Children of the Battle-Field." Apart from its patriotic and pathetic interest, this song has intrinsic merits as a gem in both poetry and music; and the title-page is embellished with a fine lithographic copy of the soldier's souvenir. Copies may be had at the music stores.—*Boston Christian Register.*

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."—The first Annual Report of "The Roxbury Branch of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society" bears the following well-deserved testimony to the services of one of the noblest women whose self-sacrificing devotion this war has called out:

"In November we undertook the support of a teacher at Norfolk, Va.—Miss Lucy Chase. We were privileged in thus becoming connected with one of the most efficient, accomplished, and noble missionaries in the field. We opened a correspondence with her, and from time to time, ever since, have been enlightened, cheered and inspired by her beautiful letters, full of practical wisdom and Christian enthusiasm. We constantly receive tributes to her singular fitness for her post, and her untiring devotion to her work, from men of discernment who have visited her schools, from her fellow-teachers, and her grateful pupils. Besides the usual labors of a teacher, Miss Chase's remarkable judgment and ability enable her to be the protector and friend of the people she serves, by pleading their cause in high places, and finding out new ways of relief and employment for them."

GENERAL GARIBALDI.—The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the Glasgow *Herald* by Robert M'Tear: "Having just returned from a visit to Gen. Garibaldi, at Caprera, I think it will be gratifying to the public to learn the latest authentic news from the 'Island of the Sea.' I found the General in perfect health, the wound being completely healed and without pain, but leaving a stiffness in the ankle-joint, rendering it necessary to have recourse to the carved-oak staff sent him by a Glasgow working man, and which is now his constant companion. The General desired that I should inform his friends in Scotland that the primary object of his coming to Britain was to visit Glasgow, and that he would not remain satisfied until he had performed that most pleasing duty, which he hoped to accomplish next year if events in Italy permitted. In regard to his so suddenly leaving England, and the controversy which ensued about it, he assured me that, whatever he might have said or felt in the heat of the moment, he is now convinced that it was owing to no pressure from foreign Powers, but entirely out of consideration for his health."

THE OPERA L'AFRICAINE.—A letter from Paris gives the following analysis of Meyerbeer's long-anticipated opera "L'Africaine," now under rehearsal at the French opera: "*Vasco de Gama*, returning from his first voyage to Africa with a cargo of negroes, is shipwrecked. Two alone of the negroes were saved—*Nelasco*, an African traitor, and *Celika*, Ex-Queen of Madagascar, a long time before King *Radama* and his widow. *Vasco* is condemned by a naval court-martial for having lost his ship, and the sentence is communicated to him in a *doctuor* of bass voices, which is the most remarkable air in the first act. In the second act *Vasco* is in prison with the Queen of Madagascar and *Nelasco*. The latter wishes to kill him during his sleep, but the *Queen*, who loves *Vasco*, utters a cry and saves him. In the third act, *Vasco* has retained permission to return to Africa to pursue his discoveries. *Celika* is with him but he is again shipwrecked, and thrown on the coast of Madagascar. Here is a change of scenery. *Celika* is mistress here in place of being a slave. She will force *Vasco* to love her, or she will put him to death. At the end, however, she abandons her plans, and resolves she will die. To carry her resolution into effect, she goes to sleep under the Upas tree while singing an adieu to *Vasco*. The plot is romantic and the scenery is splendid, but the public are uneasy lest the actors should not prove themselves equal to the parts allotted to them."

CONFESSIONS OF A DEMOCRATIC EDITOR.—A new and significant revelation of the infamy of the great Copperhead conspiracy in aid of the rebellion has just been made. Joseph J. Bingham, editor of the Indianapolis *State Sentinel*, a well-known paper, and chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Indiana, has confessed to the military commission now in session at Indianapolis all that he knows of the great conspiracy which Mr. Holt lately exposed. He has told enough to show that the present Democratic party is largely controlled by the worst men in the country. Mr. Bingham joined the Order of American Knights one year ago; he was in the confidence of its leaders; he was aware of a plot to release the rebel prisoners in all the Northwestern camps; he knew that a revolution against the government was organized; he knew that Gov. Morton was to be assassinated. All this time he was editing the leading Democratic paper of Indiana, and denying that this conspiracy existed. *He was at once a traitor and the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.* All this he has confessed, and the damning fact will go into history to the eternal shame of the false leaders of his party. Those who will not believe the mass of evidence of the existence of this horrible conspiracy are not to be convinced by any proof. It was born in the Democratic party, controlled by Democratic leaders, intended to advance them to power by the ruin of the country, and every man who had a hand in it sustained McClellan for the Presidency.—*Phila. Press.*

THE DEMOCRACY AT THEIR PRAYERS.—On the conclusion of the benediction by Bishop Whitehouse, which constituted a part of the opening exercises of the Chicago Democratic Convention, he commenced the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, in which the delegates attempted, by request, to join in concert, and it is described by an eye-witness as the richest of all rich affairs. The announcement was hardly made by the reverend gentleman, and he had but articulated the opening words of the prayer, when confusion confounded ran through the whole assembly. Had they been called on to join the chorus of "Pass the Flowing Bowl," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or "Just Another Drink Before We Go," they would have been equal to the emergency, but the Lord's Prayer was "too many" for them. However, for the sake of harmony (?) they started in. One delegate, whose early education evidently had not been neglected, vociferated at the top of his voice, "Now I lay me down to sleep"; a Western judge thought himself all right with, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand"; a clerical brother, "Our life hangs by a single thread"; a delegate from the Wabash was troubled with, "When shall I see Jesus?" a "peace" fellow from Illinois gave, with a good nasal twang, "How tedious and tasteless the hour!" a New Yorker (Captain Rynders, probably) seemed anxious to know when he "Could read his title clear to mansions in the skies," and a short-haired Bowery boy was anxious to "Let her rip," because, he claimed, "She's all oak"; a tavern-keeper cleverly piped, "My *spirits* will never wane"; a country squire, the first time from home, proclaimed, "Know all men by these presents"; and a Keystone boy capped the climax with "Down with the traitors, up with the flag."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"HOT MUTTON PIE"—DEMOCRACY.—George Sennott, of Boston, illustrated a speech at Roxbury, Mass., a day or two since, by this little parable:

"One freezing February morning, a negro hawked mutton pies in a basket round Faneuil Hall Square, roaring out, 'Hot mutton pies! Hot mutton pies!' A teamster bought and tried to bite one, but found it frozen as solid as the curbstone. 'What do you call them hot for? you black and blue swindler,' yelled the teamster to the shivering pie man. 'Wy—wy—a white man guv' 'em to me hot dis mornin'—dey was hot wen I got 'em dis mornin'!' 'Well, you fool, it didn't take ten minutes to freeze them in that old basket. Why call them *hot* now?' 'Wy—God bless you, *dat's de name* ob 'em—de *name* ob 'em! If I didn't holler de right *name*, nobody wouldn't tetch 'em! You want me to holler *froze* pies, I suppose? No, sa! You can't fool me dat way?

"Thus it is with the Democratic party. They received from Jefferson and Jackson, as a free gift, their principles. Those gifts they meanly put up for sale, and hawk round in the deadly market of slavery to freeze up in their shabby old party basket. They roar out 'Democratic principles! Democratic principles!' for sale being understood. And when you pay the price of your vote for them, you find slavery benumbing your fingers, paralyzing your tongue, contracting your heart, and turning your stomach. Ask the swindlers why they call such stuff Democracy, and they tell you blandly that Mr. Jefferson gave them the original article—that they have kept it ever since—that it is just as good as new, only not quite so warm, perhaps—and that you really mustn't quarrel with the pie man, for what he calls it is its *name*. If you want it more Democratic, you must take it home to your own State and warm it; but in the meantime, do not interrupt the sales."

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Oct. 1st to Nov. 1st, 1864.

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Miscellaneous Department.

FERNS.

In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of rushing brooks;
In the forests green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old trees' feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed

On tall cliffs that woo the breeze,
Where no human footstep presses,
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we wave our maiden tresses.

In the mouths of mountain caves,
W[illegible] the rapid [illegible] gushes,
J[illegible] in the spray that waves,
As it wildly [illegible] rushes.

In the clefts of crumbling walls,
Of old [illegible],
Filling up the [illegible]
With a [illegible] verdant glory.

Where the sandy banks are steepest,
Sheltered from the sun's hot glow,
Loving best the [illegible],
Where the [illegible] hedge-rows grow.

In the [illegible] glades,
[illegible] waving,
[illegible]
There our [illegible] displaying.

Then the [illegible],
Decking [illegible],
There alone [illegible],
(Been [illegible])

Though we [illegible].
That [illegible];
Though we [illegible]:
Though [illegible]—

Yet both Nature [illegible]
In a [illegible] and [illegible].
That a [illegible] and a grace
Shed we round us everywhere.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

SELLING HIMSELF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

SOME years ago I was spending a few months in the family of a wealthy Southern planter. One lovely day in October, I was rambling through the beautiful grounds in front of his mansion, gathering a bouquet of flowers, such a bouquet as only Southern grounds could furnish, for it contained the fragrant cape jessamine, that queen of flowers; the crape myrtle, with its bewildering flush of crimson bloom, to say nothing of a profusion of tea-roses, such as Northern greenhouses would be proud of rearing, or rather never could rear to such perfection. I was sauntering along one of the paths, wishing I could transfer that magnificent bouquet to some of my Northern friends, when I saw a gentleman coming up the central walk. "Yes, a *gentleman*," I said to myself, taking a second look at him while he was still in the distance, "his whole air shows that." I could not discern his features, of course, and turning off into another walk to avoid being seen by him, I noticed, with some surprise, that, instead of ascending the flight of steps in front of the house, he turned a corner, following the path which led to the piazza at the rear. "Probably some one who is so familiar with the family arrangement that he knows he shall find Col. Mercer on the back piazza at this hour," I thought, and gave no further consideration to him.

When my bouquet was completed, I went in, going through the wide hall to get a vase and some water of Celia, the house servant, who was always loitering in the hall, if not asleep in the back piazza, no unusual event. As I passed lightly through the passage, I saw the stranger standing in the Colonel's library, in front of the Colonel, who was lounging back in his easy chair, carrying on some sort of talk with him. Catching my eye, the latter beckoned me to come in, with a smile on his face, which led me to fancy the seeming stranger might turn into an old acquaintance. No; I had never before seen that rather handsome, dark-complexioned, black-eyed man, who bowed gracefully to me as I entered—gracefully and deferentially—yet Col. Mercer gave me no introduction to him. It was odd, I thought, but I sat down quietly. With how much astonishment I listened to the following conversation may be imagined. I give it as literally as my memory will allow; for it is no fancy sketch I am writing, but a plain narrative of facts.

"So your name is Tom," said Col. Mercer.

"Yes-sir."

"And you want me to buy you."

"Yes-sir, if you please."

I looked up at the speaker; I could not believe my own ears; that fine, gentlemanly-looking fellow, a negro—a slave? I took a closer survey of him. "Yes," I said to myself, "I will not take it back; let your condition in life be what it may, you have the look and air of a gentleman." He had a dark complexion, but was less dark and swarthy than many a Southerner I had met; his head was finely shaped; his hair, jet black, but not woolly, clung in close, short curls round his head and forehead; his eyes were large and intelligent; his nose and mouth good, the lips a little thicker than is common, but not more so than in fifty white faces I have seen at the North; and his figure was well-knit and muscular, being of a little more than medium height.

"How old are you, Tom?" asked the Colonel.

"Twenty-one, last July."

"What part of Virginia did you come from?"

"—— county, near the Rappahannock." I forget the name of the county.

"What made your master sell you; masters don't sell good servants."

"Ole massa died," he said, for the first time falling into the negro dialect, "and young missus married, and her husband got into debt mighty bad, and he sold ten of us to the speculators."

"Did Mr. Neill buy you of him?"

This Mr. Neill I knew was a negro-dealer—speculator, they called him—who lived near Col. Mercer, and I had heard one of our negroes say he had just come back from the North with four hundred negroes that he meant to take to Alabama.

"Yes-sir, he bought all the ten."

"What can you do, Tom? Are you a right smart boy?"

"Yes, massa; I can do most anything."

"What have you been doing at your old master's?—field work?"

"*No*, massa!" with a contemptuous accent on the word. "I'se always been round the house. I can take care of the dining-room, and wait on tables, and help most everywhere."

"How came you to come out to my place?"

"Oh, massa, Mr. Neill he tell me you wanted to get a man; and he say it be a mighty fine place out here; and he sent me over to see you."

"And to sell yourself?" said the Colonel, laughing heartily.

"Yes, massa, if you'd like to buy me."

"Why, now, Tom, how much do you reckon you are worth?" with the same amused look.

"Dunno 'xactly, reckon about fifteen hunder."

"Fifteen hundred! that's a monstrous price."

"Reckon, massa, Mr. Neill no think so," with a grin.

"Well, Tom, I do want to get a boy—a smart, likely boy; but I want one to drive my horses; and I reckon you can't do that."

"Oh, yes!" the face lighting up, "I allus drive young missus."

After a few more questions of a similar character, Col. Mercer sent him away, saying, "Now, Tom, go out among my folks; you may stay a day or two, and we'll see how we like one another," and turning to me after he went out, he said, "I called you in, thinking you'd like to help me buy a carriage driver." He said it playfully, knowing how different from his own were my views of the peculiar institution; but he evidently had no idea of the way in which buying and selling a human being struck me; the horror we feel in view of such a transaction no Southerner seems able to understand; they have seen it done all their lives till it becomes a matter-of-course business affair to them, as much so as buying a piece of land, or a horse or cow.

I watched Tom, as after making a graceful bow, he went out into the yard and toward the negro cabins. How must he feel in view of his condition? Or had he no feeling about it? He looked cheerful and unconcerned. Was then the promise of his fine head and intelligent features all a deception, and was he as reckless of the future, of whether he should be driven on hundreds of miles farther and sold on a sugar or rice plantation, or kept where he was, as his careless air and manner indicated; or beneath that smiling exterior, did there lie a throbbing heart, weighing anxiously the probabilities of his lot? I could not tell, of course, but I longed to penetrate the mystery, and know whether a stout, full-grown man, possessing apparently all the faculties of a man, could have sunk so low in the scale of being as to enjoy selling himself and to be able to joke about it? Such questions are always coming up on a slave plantation; the black men, women and children about you are looking jolly and contented, they loll about indolently, crack merry jokes, and seem to be in full possession of a luxurious state of mind which has no fears, cares, or vexations to disturb it; and I have heard both Northerners and Southerners contend that this was a proof of the blessed nature of the institution. To me, it was the most mournful phase of it. God made a human soul to have aspirations for something beyond the present; and just so far as it loses that characteristic, it falls toward the level of the lower animals, who eat, drink and enjoy life, caring for nothing better. Had my fine-looking, gentlemanly Tom sunk to this vile level? I did not believe it, for such a manly front and degraded nature could not coexist without violating all my preconceived ideas of the human face and form. But all Yankee propensity to investigate was effectually snubbed on a Southern plantation in those days, and one learned to look on the most interesting phenomena in silence, and view them with puzzled wonder as we do the face of the moon, certain that no solution of our questionings would be vouchsafed.

I saw considerable of Tom after this; he rambled about the yard and grounds—why he was left so unwatched was another mystery of which I ventured to ask no explanation—and I met him as I went out to gather fresh flowers in the early morning the day after our first interview. He took off his hat and bowed gracefully, holding it in his hand as he stood to let me pass. I tried to think of something it would be safe to say—what a host of unsafe and improper questions rushed to my lips—but as I hesitated, he said,

"A fine place Col. Mercer has here, a very fine place."

"Yes," I said, "was your old master's as fine a one?"

"It was an old place, not kept up so well as this."

"Were you sorry to come away?" It was a question of doubtful propriety, but it burst from my lips unconsciously, so intense was my longing to get at the inner life of that young man, or rather to find whether he had any.

He gave a quick glance up to my face—a glance full of intense feeling; a questioning glance, as if he would read my very soul and see whether it would be safe to trust me. I believe that he understood me, and saw that I felt a deep sympathy with him, but in an instant his face assumed the old careless expression; what was the use of speaking out?—and he answered,

"This is a mighty fine country, missus; we find a good massa here, I reckon."

The change from as pure and well-executed English as any gentleman uses to that comical African dialect, was very striking and ludicrous; however, he did not smile, nor did I, but passed on, and I picked my flowers, while he went back to the house.

He harnessed the horses after breakfast and drove Col. Mercer out, both sitting on the driver's box; and I smiled as I heard Celia say,

"Ha, Tom's whiter'n massa, anyhow.'

It was a fact; he was "lighter complected," and doubtless three-fourths or seven-eighths of the blood in his veins was Anglo-Saxon, so that only one-fourth or one-eighth of him could, according to Vice President Stephens's theory of races, be rightfully held in bondage; "For," as he complacently remarks, "our system commits no such violation of nature's laws as to enslave those of the same race." But it does enslave those who have only an infinitesimal portion of the blood of any other race belonging to them, as the blue eyes and flaxen hair of many slaves testify to all observers. In the afternoon, Tom drove Mrs. Mercer and myself to town; and again I was struck with his graceful, gentlemanly bearing—chivalrous, we should have called it in a white man; that quiet consideration and gentle deference, that intuitive knowledge and forestallment of a lady's wishes. Evidently he had been accustomed to good society; very likely he had been connected with one of the F. F. V.'s, and could rightfully boast of kindred blood as well as manners.

The next morning Tom was nowhere to be seen; and I heard Col. Mercer say he had sent him back to Mr. Neill; that he would not answer his purpose; "and, besides," he added, "Mr. Neill asks a monstrous price for him; I would give him a thousand dollars, and I reckon he won't get much more; he may down on the sugar plantations, for negroes sell well there this year, they say."

"He be mighty smart nigger, any way," was Celia's comment, to which I heartily agreed.

So Tom went his way; what became of him I know not; but I shall always believe he had as much intelligence and shrewdness as the majority of white men; a better person and manners he certainly possessed; and my blood boils indignantly in my veins whenever I think of a man so nobly made as he in the image of his Maker, being bought and sold like so much brute matter. I wonder if he is living now; and if he is, whether he bears allegiance to Jefferson Davis and is willing to take up arms in defense of Southern rights. He and I may yet meet, who knows? where I can ask him as many questions as I please, and get candid answers. If so, you shall have a sequel to my little sketch of the man who tried to sell himself.—*Springfield Republican.*

EGYPT IN 1864.

EGYPT consists of the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, and just so much land on either bank of the Nile as the waters of that all-fertilizing stream can be induced to cover. Turn Nile water over a patch of sand, and in a few seasons it will become soil, in comparison with which, the richest uplands of England are sterile and unprofitable. Neglect the tracts thus reclaimed, and in a very short time they will go back into desert; therefore, for all practicable purposes, Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt.

The land of Egypt is ruled over by twenty princes, one of whom is the viceroy. Eighteen of the others are known as consuls-general of European nations, but the twentieth is the most powerful of all, and his name is Bakshesh. Very little, indeed, can be done in the land without the aid or countenance of Bakshesh; he is the great ruling power. Not a bale of goods can enter the country without his leave, not a handful of cotton can leave it without paying him tribute. Do you want to set up a steam-engine, to build a house, to hire a lighter, to send goods by railway, to do something that you have no right to do, to get something which you have no right to get—why, then invoke Bakshesh, offer up a proper quantity of piastres on his shrine, and the thing is done. Imagine that you can get on without his aid, and you will soon find out your mistake. Put your faith in his brother princes, and see how you will fare. Bakshesh will stop you in the corridor as you approach the august presence, and if he frown, small profit will spring from your interview. Dodge past him, get your order, your permit, your judgment, concession, or what not, and the day of submission is but postponed. You can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? Can you put what you have gained into execution without the aid of Bakshesh? Not a bit of it. Let your own special "prince" back up your petition, let the viceroy grant it, let the minister of state draw up the order, let the highest in the state be charged to carry it out in your behalf, and what have you got? Nothing! Get a firman from the sultan himself, and you are no better off. Bakshesh has creatures, nominally filling some fifth-rate government posts, any one of whom can put a spoke in your wheel. Bakshesh is bribery and corruption, and without these nothing can be done. As the Nile water is to the land, so is bribery and corruption to the rulers and people of Egypt. Nothing is produced without it.

The people of the land of Egypt are probably the simplest, the most docile, and withal the most hard-working race in the world. They are naturally honest, for Orientals, to boot; but Turkish rule has ground all the best parts out of them, and contact with the riff-raff of the Levant has made them cheats and liars of the first water. Obedient and easily led, they have improved upon the teaching of their masters, and the higher you go in the social scale the greater rascals you find. The simple *fellah*, or agricultural laborer, is not a bad sort of fellow; the sceikh, or chief of his village, is a trickster; the mondir, or magistrate of his district, is a bully and a rogue; the bey of his province is a ruffian, and his chief, the pasha, a scoundrel. It is the same, with a few exceptions, throughout the Ottoman Empire; the greater the power of doing good, the greater the extent of evil done.

All labor in Egypt is forced, more or less, and always must be. A handful of beans and a cucumber, costing perhaps a penny in all, will feed an adult Arab for a day; a short spell of work will provide this, and why should he work for more? Suppose he save money, his sceikh, or mondir, or bey, or pasha hears of it, and straight he is asked for a loan, or the money is borrowed (?) by force. Would you or I care to work for more than our daily bread, if the policeman on our beat could come in and say that unless we lent him a sovereign he would walk us off to jail—if the nearest county court judge might send word that unless we returned ten pounds by the messenger, he would decide against us any action that any rascal thought proper to bring—if a clerk in the war office might write and say that he thought we were going to be drawn as private soldiers and sent to the Gold Coast, but that a cheque for 50l. by next post might avert the doom? I fancy not.

Still, and in spite of all, many fellahs do work hard, speculate, and save money. What happens? They have no strong boxes, or trust in those who have: the coins are buried. Millions of pounds in gold are imported into Egypt every year, and yet money is always scarce, exchange on Europe being seldom less than two and a half per cent. The gold is in the country somewhere, but few of its holders dare to circulate it. It is paid for the produce of the earth, and back into the earth it goes; the hider dies, and the hoard is lost.

Twenty-four regular mail steamers enter and quit the port of Alexandria every month, and there are frequently ten or a dozen British merchant steamers waiting at one time to be discharged or loaded. Yet there is no landing-stage, no pier, no jetty, no dock of any description; the cargoes are discharged into lighters, and from these huddled on shore anyhow. Take a ploughed field in Surrey, and employ a company of giants to cast pell-mell therein the contents of five hundred holds, and you may form a faint idea of the condition in which the [illegible] custom house of Alexandria was kept for the [illegible] months preceding last March. Without any attempt at assortment, without the slightest protection from the weather or thieves, in a place open to all the world by land or sea, lay, piled together in inextricable confusion, bales of Manchester goods, cases of machinery and furniture, casks of oil and wine, packages of cutlery, tinware, iron rods, and plates, "copper bottoms," crates of glass and crockery, boxes of wearing apparel, and all the other requisites of a country which manufactures nothing but the simplest and rudest commodity. It was quite possible to form a list of these various wares, for twenty per cent. of the packages had been smashed in the rough treatment they had received since they left the ship's side, and their contents were scattered abroad. Here, crushed under a main shaft, for want of which some engine in the interior had stopped work, that nothing but the rain could reach it, you might catch a glimpse of what was once a box of knives. There, you might find bales of "shirtings" and "sewed muslins" standing two feet deep in mud; and a cotton gin or a fire pump rusting in the damp. Everywhere confusion, neglect, and a sacrifice of property which increased day by day.

The exports are cotton, cotton seed, and, till lately, grain. Pick and clean your cotton, pack it, carry it to the platform of the railway station or the bank of the canal, and in ordinary countries you have done all that is necessary to insure its dispatch. Not so in Egypt. There, the sovereign of the country is its sovereign, and something more. He is a farmer and a manufacturer and a merchant upon his own account, and not for amusement or experiment, but for profit. The railway is his own, so is the canal, he can monopolize every truck upon the one and every boat upon the other; the water-carriage on the Nile is also at his command, and he uses all three unsparingly. All his own produce was whisked up to port before a single bale of that belonging to his competitors could be touched; it is even said that he used his men-of-war to transport cotton to Marseilles. Whilst the vice-regal bales were being thus disposed of, vulgar consignments remained stationary, and merchants who had contracted to deliver cotton in Liverpool by a stated day, and had the stuff ready at stations a few hours from Alexandria, were obliged to buy afresh to fulfil their obligations, because their own property was not forthcoming.

The viceroy's requirements having been satisfied, a general scramble ensued. The means of transport provided by the monopolists of traffic in Egypt was utterly and hopelessly inadequate; all the stations on the railway, a single line, were choked up with cotton, and then King Bakshesh came out with a smile and said, "My friends, you have packed your goods very nicely, you have brought them to the railway and paid the fare—what will you give me if I send them off?"

Now, be it remembered that the great increase in the trade and production of Egypt did not occur suddenly, or without due cause and warning; the first gun fired at Fort Sumter was the signal to its ruler to be up and stirring.—*London Once a Week.*

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

The Autumn days are here,
And the trees are brown and sere,
And I hear the sighs of sadness that a girlish bosom heaves;
And I mark the hectic bloom,
That is brightening for the tomb,
And I know her strength is waning with the falling of the leaves.

It is hard for one so fair,
Who hath never known a care,
Nor love that hath departed, nor friendship that deceives,
To leave this world so bright,
For the gloomy shades of night,
And to tread the shadowy valley 'mid the falling of the leaves.

Hushed is the sound of mirth,
As she shivers by the hearth,
In the cool and frosty morning, and the damp and chilly eves;
As she shudders at the knell
Of the schoolmate loved so well—
For the young are falling round us like the falling of the leaves.

With the gentle art of love,
I would lead her thoughts above,
And bid her trust the Saviour when her tender bosom grieves;
But still with gasping breath,
She shrinks from gloomy Death,
While fast her tears are falling as the falling of the leaves.

O pray for her, kind hearts,
That peace, ere she departs,
May gently fall upon her: not Death alone bereaves.
O well may we despair,
If the innocent and fair
Fall with a troubled spirit, with the falling of the leaves.

REBEL CRUELTIES TO PRISONERS.

From The Tribune.

WE published last week copious extracts from the testimony appended to the report of the Sanitary Commission on the condition and treatment of our soldiers in rebel prisons. The report itself deserves fuller notice than we were then able to give it.

It proceeds from some of the most eminent men in the country: among them Dr. Valentine Mott, Dr. Edward Delafield, and Dr. Ellerslie Wallace. They were appointed to ascertain "the true physical condition of prisoners, recently discharged by exchange, from confinement at Richmond and elsewhere, within the rebel lines; whether they did, in fact, during such confinement, suffer materially for want of food, or from its defective quality, or from other privations or sources of disease; and whether their privations and sufferings were designedly inflicted on them by military or other authority of the rebel government, or were due to causes which such authorities could not control."

The results of their inquiry are stated with great temperateness as well as clearness. The Commissioners have not been swift to jump at conclusions; have taken nothing for granted; have proceeded by regular method of examination; have collected a great mass of testimony on the different points of their inquiry. Their judgment is not merely entitled to respect, but is one that cannot be impeached nor reversed.

This country surely was in no need of evidence that our soldiers had been treated with great cruelty while in rebel hands. If there was any question it was: How cruelly, and Whether the cruelty was mere negligence or was a system. On both points the judgement of the Commission is decisively made up.

Some weeks since photographs of the starved prisoners sent back to us, copied from an official report, were widely circulated in the illustrated papers. A thrill of horror went through the country when they were seen. But this Commission says:

> "The photographs of these diseased and emaciated men, since so widely circulated, painful as they are, do not, in many respects, adequately represent the sufferers as they then appeared."
>
> "The best picture cannot convey the reality, nor create that startling and sickening sensation which is felt at the sight of a human skeleton, with the skin drawn tightly over its skull, and ribs, and limbs, weakly turning and moving itself, as if still a living man!
>
> "And this was the reality."

On the general treatment of our men, it is said:

> "The first fact developed by the testimony of both officers and privates, is that prisoners were almost invariably robbed of everything valuable in their possession, sometimes on the field, at the instant of capture, sometimes by the prison authorities in a 'quasi official way,' with the promise of return when exchanged or paroled; *but which promise was never fulfilled.*"

In Libby Prison:

> "The rooms are one hundred feet long by forty feet broad. In six of these rooms twelve hundred United States officers, of all grades, from the Brigadier-General to the Second Lieutenant, were confined for many months; and this was all the space that was allowed them in which to cook, eat, wash, sleep, and take exercise! It seems incredible. Ten feet by two were all that could be claimed by each man—hardly enough to measure his length upon: and even this was further abridged by the room necessarily taken for cooking, washing, and clothes drying."

The daily ration in that prison—the *officers'* prison—was "a small loaf of bread, about the size of a man's fist, made of Indian meal." That is what life had to be sustained on! Said an officer: "I would gladly, *gladly* have preferred the horse-feed in my father's stable!" Those of the prisoners to whom supplies were sent from the North fared better for a while, but subsequently the prison ration was diminished, and the distribution of boxes from the North ceased.

> "Shortly after this general diminution of rations, in the month of January last, the boxes, which before had been regularly delivered and in good order, were withheld. No reason was given. Three hundred arrived every week, and were received by Col. Ould, Commissioner of Exchange; but, instead of being distributed, were retained, *and piled up in warehouses near by, and in full sight of the tantalized and hungry captives. Three thousand* were there when Lieut-Col. Farnsworth came away.
>
> "There was some show of delivery, however, but in a manner especially heartless. Five or six of the boxes were given during the week. The eager prisoner, expectant perhaps of a wife's or mother's thoughtful provision for him, was called to the door and ordered to spread his blanket, when the open cans, whether containing preserved fruits, condensed milk, tobacco, vegetables, or meats, were thrown promiscuously together, and often ruined by the mingling."

And again:

> "The officers were permitted to send out and buy articles at extravagant prices, and would find the clothes, stationery, hams and butter which they had purchased *bearing the marks of the Sanitary Commission.*"

Yet our authorities were again and again assured that all boxes for prisoners were punctually delivered.

Of the treatment on Belle Isle we have already presented abundant accounts. "They were fed as the swine are fed" is a description only too favorable. Indeed, the whole terrible tale is best summed up in the mortality bills:

> "A hospital steward, while a prisoner, attending to some duty in the hospital, found by accident the Confederate Surgeon-General's quarterly report, which he brought away with him when he was paroled. By this it appears that in the months of January, February and March last, out of nearly twenty-eight hundred patients, about fourteen hundred—or half the number—died!"

And the report adds:

> "And what was here done in prison and hospital, to our private soldiers on Belle Isle, and to our officers in the Libby, was done nearly all over the South. These facts are most conspicuous only because in the foreground. But from almost every station in the distant South, of which anything is known, comes the same story of robbery and insult, of starvation on food both bad and insufficient, of exposure—in the day to heat and in the night to the frost—of shooting without warning, of close and filthy rooms or unsheltered encampments, of disease without care or medical treatment, and of deaths without number."

For the character of the treatment let the above more than suffice. As to the necessity under which the rebels have sometimes been presumed to lie, and as to the excuse that our men fared no worse than the rebel soldiers—there is nothing left of either. The whole sham is exposed, the whole veil rent asunder by this report. Surely there was no compulsion to cruelty, no compulsion to plunder prisoners, no compulsion to steal supplies sent from the North, no compulsion to crowd them in insufficient warehouses as in Libby, or to expose them under the sky as at Belle Isle and at Andersonville, no compulsion to shoot defenceless prisoners for an imaginary and involuntary crime. These atrocities the rebels committed from no other necessity than was imposed on them by their own inhumanity. They have been neither excused, nor denied, nor explained away. Well, therefore, does this report declare that "until an excuse or explanation comes, the government by whom such things are authorized, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for almost immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world."

Nor can the world doubt that a "people, who were capable of these other unaccountable and inexcusable acts, were capable, also, of deliberately withholding necessary food from their prisoners of war, and furnishing them with what was indigestible and loathsome when their own army was abundantly supplied with good and wholesome food." No more is it permitted to deny that "all was a predetermined plan, originating somewhere in the rebel counsels, for destroying and disabling the soldiers of their enemy, who had honorably surrendered in the field."

The Commission have examined largely into the matter of supplies to the rebel soldiers. The invariable answer was that they were well fed and clothed. Prisoners from all the rebel armies and from six of the rebel States, some thirty or forty witnesses in all, were examined, and their stories never varied. "The result of the whole amounts to this: In the words of one of them, 'they had nothing to complain of in the way of food and clothing.' They were supplied with rations, only a few ounces less than the over-generous ration of the United States army."

> "The only time in which they suffered any privation was on a forced march, when they were in advance of their supplies—a matter liable to occur in any army.
>
> "In Winter they lived in cabins or tents, well warmed, and well supplied with fuel. None ever suffered from the cold. In Summer they were sheltered by tents, but these they left behind when on a campaign. They were fully supplied with clothing and with blankets or oil-cloths. A requisition on the Quartermaster could always procure any article that was necessary. * * * * *
>
> "They describe the hospitals, both in the city and in the field, as comfortable, and with sufficient medical attendance. The bedding and sheets in Hospital No. 4, in Richmond, were said by one of them to be fully as good as those on David's Island, New York. There were also the usual delicacies for the sick.
>
> "From all this it appears that the Southern army has been, ever since its organization, completely equipped in all necessary respects, and that the men have been supplied with everything which would keep them in the best condition of mind and body, for the hard and desperate service in which they were engaged. They knew nothing of famine or freezing. Their wounded and sick were never neglected."

Who then withholds now his assent from this tremendous and final statement of this judicial inquiry? We adopt it in quoting it, and put it on record once for all:

"The conclusion is inevitable. It was in their power to feed sufficiently, and to clothe, whenever necessary, their prisoners of war. They were perfectly able to include them in their military establishment; but they chose to exclude them from the position always assigned to such, and in no respect treat them like men taken in honorable warfare. Their commonest soldier was never compelled, by hunger, to eat the disgusting rations furnished at the Libby to United States officers. Their most exposed encampment, however temporary, never beheld the scenes of suffering which occurred daily and nightly among the United States soldiers in the encampment on Belle Isle.

"The excuse and explanation are swept away. There is nothing now between the Northern people and the dreadful reality."

THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

A LETTER to the London *Times*, from Alexandria, Egypt, says:

"From information recently received from Khartoom, affairs on the White River would appear to be in a very unsettled state, and fears are entertained for the safety of many of the traders still in those districts. This is owing to the slaves' 'razzias' made on the negro tribes by the dealers from Khartoom and the neighborhood, who, notwithstanding the increased imposts levied by the government on the White Nile expeditions, have mustered this year in larger numbers than ever previously. Several massacres of these marauders are reported to have taken place, and the government have dispatched a strong military force, with a view, it is said, of putting down this disgraceful traffic. It is difficult for the honest traders of the White Nile to compete with this class of unprincipled adventurers, and unless this state of things is effectually put a stop to, legitimate trade with the negroes will become utterly impracticable. They are already becoming so exasperated at the enormities under which they have suffered at the hands of the Arabs and some European traders that a large armed escort is required even for travelling on the borders of the river. The interior is said to be almost impassable. It is estimated that of the six thousand or seven thousand men who leave Khartoom annually for the White River, no less than two-thirds have this year been employed in sacking and pillaging the negro villages and carrying off prisoners (mostly women and children) for sale. It is expected that many of the merchants at Khartoom, who have advanced both money and goods to the natives for the purpose of fitting out those expeditions, will suffer severely in consequence of the steps recently taken by the government to prevent the return of the boats, a measure which, for the benefit of the country, cannot be too highly commended."

CHARLES G. AMES.

IT is very seldom that the Fraternity introduces to its audience an entire stranger. This year when the name of Charles G. Ames was offered it, it asked, as the public have since done, "Who and what is he?"

In 1851 Mr. Ames went to Minnesota as a missionary for the Free Will Baptists. He started there a weekly paper called the Minnesota *Republican*, which was the first Republican paper in the North-west; and there he and this paper effected a local organization of the party which afterwards placed Abraham Lincoln in the President's chair. Since Mr. Ames left Minnesota, the St. Paul's *Press* has said of him, "To the speeches, writings, and personal services of Mr. Ames, more than to those of any single man, do we owe it that Minnesota is a Republican State." In 1858 he became a Liberal Christian, and in the Summer Sabbath afternoons, preached the gospel of love, joy and peace, in a grove on an island in the Mississippi, connected with St. Anthony and Minneapolis by bridges. Here his audience *averaged* a thousand persons, and on one occasion reached the extraordinary number of four thousand. "It is not *me* they want to hear," he said, with characteristic modesty, "but the truth." In the Spring of 1859 he first came to Boston, and after receiving invitations to Unitarian pulpits in Quincy and Cincinnati, finally accepted a call in Albany, in 1863. In February, 1862, he delivered a lecture at the Smithsonian, in Washington, called "Stand by the President." It elicited universal applause. "That can't be beat," said old John Pierpont, as he came out of the hall, and William Henry Channing wrote—"It was admirable for clear thought and expression, and excited an enthusiastic interest. A man of the people, and bringing the fresh air of the prairies with him, there is a singular attraction in his naivete, quaintness, strong good sense, directness, fervor, wit, and plain Saxon speech." "He is," said James Freeman Clarke, "a rare compound of traces and breeching; radical but cautious." When compared by his Western audiences to Starr King, Mr. Ames said—"I am no Starr King. I am only Charles G. Ames, standing on my own two feet and anxious to deliver the message God has sent by me. I am no Pentelic marble, capable of a high polish, like Curtis. I have only *granite grit*. If there is anything noticeable about my speaking, it consists in three things: 1. I have something to say. 2. I say it with my whole heart. 3. I speak with a certain Western freedom, which an audience generous rather than critical may be willing to accept."

For ourselves, we think Mr. Ames's speaking "like, and very much like," Abraham Lincoln's own. Like the President, he must have studied in all the lexicons the meaning of the word *demonstrate.*

—*Commonwealth.* C. H. D.

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. AKERS.

This time-worn canvas bears a pictured face
Which, once beheld, comes back to thought again,
Passionate, proud, yet touched with tender grace,
And marked with lines which tell of hidden pain.

O noble face, in whose compelling eyes
There lurks a power which stays me on my way,
Which thrills me always with a new surprise,
And holds me gazing half the live-long day—

Strange eyes, whose earthly task of smiles and tears
Was finished long ago, and sealed in night,
Eyes which were closed in death a hundred years
Before mine own had opened to the light—

Why do you haunt me so? Some bitter days,
When all the rose-tints vanish from my sky,
And I go stumbling down life's darkest ways,
I can but think perhaps the reason why

My life has been so barren and forlorn,
So full of tears and losses is, that Fate
Made some unkind mistake, and I was born
An age too early, or an age too late.

And when I read in these strange wistful eyes
The yearning lack of something which I know
They never found in life, I think with sighs
A century too late—ah, more's the woe!

Perhaps I am the one for whom he sought,
Walking the earth's dry places o'er and o'er,
Calling for her, alas! who answered not,
And never finding lacked for evermore.

Perhaps I might have lived a nobler life
If but these marvellous eyes had held me dear;
Perhaps I might have soothed the proud soul's strife,
Outlooking from their darkness deep and clear;

Perhaps—who knows? O sad and tender eyes,
Look not upon me so reproachfully;
Since bitterly my soul forever cries,
"Oh, cruel Love, that did not wait for me!"

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

From Harper's Weekly.

THE Century Club in New York grew out of the Sketch Club some twenty years ago. The Sketch Club was a private social assembly of men interested in literature and art which pleasantly combined sandwiches with æsthetics, and oysters with criticism. Composed of men of every pursuit, it was a cultivated, genial, sympathetic society, of which we speak in the past tense, yet which we believe still survives. But it had a name only, and no local habitation. It was a shifting feast from house to house of the members. The "Century" was founded as a proper club. It was the natural fruit of the winged seed of the Sketch Club; it struck root and flourishes perennially.

The Saturday evenings at the Century are memorable to many whose feet seldom cross its threshold now. They ring still in the past with wit and song and laughter. The authors and artists of New York and men of cultivated and generous sympathies have been always counted among its members, and the wandering authors and artists of other countries have been gladly hailed as its guests. Among its founders was William Cullen Bryant, and upon the recent return of his birthday, when he completed his seventieth year, his fellow-members of the Century made a festival to express their respect for the man and their honor for the poet.

The Century was already famous for its festivals. For many years it had annually celebrated Twelfth Night, and there have been many a beautiful and happy holiday there of which no public mention was made. The artists who are members always secure a picturesque grace and point in the decorations; and the noble drawing-room of the Club-house is a fit scene for the sparkling and illustrious company which the feasts assemble. Here on the evening of the 5th of November, the members of the Century and an illustrious company of invited guests assembled. The great room was decorated with flowers, wreaths, the national colors, pictures and statues. Upon a slightly-raised platform stood Mr. Bryant and Mr. Bancroft, the historian, President of the Club, surrounded by groups of friends, among whom were Emerson, Willis, Holmes, Street, Tuckerman, Taylor, Boker, Stoddard, Read, and others. The President made a speech of congratulation and hope, to which Mr. Bryant fitly and modestly responded. A chant for the poet's birthday by Bayard Taylor, the music by the artist Louis Lang, was then sung by the choir boys of Trinity Church. Letters were read from the absent poets Longfellow, Halleck, Whittier, and Lowell, followed by a short speech from Emerson, and the recitation of poems by Messrs. Howe, Boker and Holmes. More letters were read; more poems from Stoddard and Street; more speeches; and an album of original sketches by the most eminent American artists was presented to Mr. Bryant with a proper stand from various members of the Club. Mr. Huntington, President of the National Academy, spoke for the artists, and the guest of the evening replied. Then there was supper, and at midnight the feast ended amidst the most friendly hilarity.

There is something very impressive in this purely literary festival upon the eve of the most important election that has occurred in the country. But it is impossible not to remember that the poet Bryant is no dreamer. Like John Milton's, his is no fugitive virtue cloistered and unbreathed, and his name will shine in our history like that of Milton in the English, with the twin lustre of patriotism and poetry. Stoddard's lines are as true as melodious when he says, speaking of the country which Bryant has loved so well, and has so faithfully served:

"And now, even in her sorest need,
Pale, bleeding, faint in every limb,
She still remembers what he is,
And comes to honor him.

"For hers, not ours, the songs we bring,
The flowers, the music, and the light;
And 'tis her hand that lays the wreath
On his gray head to-night."

THE ROMANCE OF DENMARK.

A WRITER in the London *Athenæum* thus describes the romantic phases of Denmark:

"It is a region lying close upon the borders of a sea whose white breakers roll northward till they turn to ice near the pole; a flat, low-lying shore behind which are landscapes green and quiet. The waves moan, the clouds gather, Odin rides by on the wings of the wind, and a flash of lightning shows Hermod flying from Valhal with a message to the nether-spirits. The elements roar, and the old deities live again as in Mythology's morning. Then the tempest vanishes, and a softer spirit steals upon the scene. The sea lies calm and still, murmuring in a low voice; the shore and landscape wear the sunshine that pours upon them in a golden shower. You hear a sweet voice singing; it is yonder mermaiden, combing out her yellow hair, smiling freshly, and luring love-sick youths to their destruction. The fisher mending his line beside his hut heeds her not; for he has just caught a fish who is an enchanted prince, and who has promised unbounded riches for being reconsigned to the sea. Close by the rocks a little maiden wanders dreamily; let her beware, for hard by lurks a beautiful merman, ready to lure her with soft speeches to his home under the water. All is peaceful, sunny, still; so sweet, you would never dream the spirits of the earth, water, and air were so wicked. But hark! a roar as of thunder breaks from yonder great cavern, wherein lies a dragon huge and terrible, whose food is human flesh, and whose lair is strewn with human bones. Fortunately, there is approaching a bold knight, clad in glittering armor, who will speedily put an end to the pranks of the scaly monster. Leave the sea-shore and walk inland; every flower, every leaf, is peopled with tiny people, such as haunted the immemorial wood near Athens, where love-sick Titania lisped languidly in the ass's ears of Bully Bottom. Climb this little eminence, and you will ere long find yourself among new faces. Who are those who come dancing down so wildly with robes that flash white in the wind, and feet that scarcely brushed the dew from the tips of the flowers? They are the elf-girls, or maids of the mountain—terrible in the eyes of little children, and fascinating to the wanderer who halts too lazily upon his way. And what, you ask, is this wondrous region in which you have thus been wandering? It is the land of Danish romance, and is just what Oehlenschlager, Andersen and the rest have made it."

AN OLD CLOTHES SHOP.

A SAD tale is told in those moth-eaten blankets; large, soft, warm—fit for a royal bed when they were new, and would be still, had they been properly cared for. But they belonged to the household of a careless woman; a woman who scouted homely work and ways—who sat with her feet on the fender and read novels, while her children sprawled on the ground untended, and her household went to pieces for want of the sustaining band to knit it together. She started with a fair wind and all sails set, when she put out into the great sea of life and loving marriage; but she brought her ship before long to shameful wreck by her carelessness and indolence, and the evil piloting of neglect. She let the moth eat into her blankets, and the rust eat into her steel, and the damp mildew her silk and linen, and the mice devour her cheese and bacon, till her husband one day saw himself gazetted as a bankrupt, because his wife liked to read novels better than to keep house, and preferred the heroisms of romance to the nobleness of reality. There are more moth-eaten blankets in middle-class houses than one would like to contemplate, if one but knew the secrets of store-closets; the homely duty of careful housekeeping having fallen into disfavor of late among the tribe of fine ladies.

Here, too, are baskets of second-hand baby-clothes—layettes, as our neighbors call them—the bows and ends of white ribbons gone long ago, and the bright pink flannel washed into a melancholy salmon color, as unlike the radiancy of its first freshness as the hoary sinner is unlike the innocent boy. Perhaps that basket of baby-clothes has done duty for a long succession of little strangers; so no wonder if all the finery has disappeared, if the bows and tags of white satin ribbon have been cut off, if the worked frills and flounces have more rents than broideries in them. For the first, mamma thought it no hardship to strip her yet young marriage clothes of half their prettiness, that she might make baby look the child of a prince at least. Older mothers smiled in their hearts when they saw mamma snipping off her fineries; they knew to what a peaceful state of languid indifference in the matter of ribbons and laces she would come by the time the sixth or even the fifth had to be provided for; and how a lop-sided strip of old gray-bearded Saxony, if only serviceable to its purpose, would be quite as acceptable in her eyes as the exactest parallelogram of delicate rose-color bound with inch-wide ribbon exquisitely worked. At present, it is all the difference between the new and the old, the strange and the well used, the instinct just awakened, and all blushing in its emotion, and the instinct become quite comely and matronly, and taking to its duties in a matter-of-fact kind of way, solicitous only for the expedient and the actual necessity. Motherhood and baby-clothes are not the only things in this life that lose their sharpness by yearly wear!—*All the Year Round.*

A NEWSPAPER'S CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

ON Saturday, Oct. 29, the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* completed the one hundredth year of its existence. It was started in Hartford, Oct. 29, 1764, by Thomas Green, "at the Heart and Crown, near the North Meeting House," under the title of the *Connecticut Courant*. The present publishers signalized the centennial by reproducing the first number in *fac simile*. The following reminiscences are interesting:

"During the war of Independence, our publishers erected a paper mill in Hartford, and made the paper on which they printed, and numerous appeals and entreaties are to be found in our files to the good people of Connecticut to save every scrap of rags or other material that could be converted into paper (cotton was not used in those days) and bring it to the *Courant* office for the use of the paper mill. Whatever we may be now, there is no doubt that the early publishers of the *Courant* were patriotic and courageous in opposing the tyranny of the ministers of George Third, the stamp act, the tea tax, etc. Historians like Bancroft, Trumbull, Stuart, Hollister, and other writers and politicians have freely quoted and cited from the files of the *Courant*. At the time when the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution of the United States was pending, the debate is fully reported, and as such men as Oliver Ellsworth, Jeremiah Wadsworth and Roger Sherman took part in it, no abler debate can be found.

"The *Courant* had reached its twelfth year before the first gun of the revolution called a new nation into being. During the eight years of bloodshed, distress and poverty that followed, it held on its even course without interruption for a single week. At the time when the adoption of the Federal Constitution gave birth to the Union, the *Courant* was older than a large majority of the papers now published in the United States. Its files chronicle the difficulties that beset the administration of Washington, and the wise measures that were adopted to remedy them. One Administration succeeded another; political parties rose and fell; religious intolerance gave way slowly to healthy freedom; heroes passed from earth; great debates, where giant intellects in mighty but peaceful conflict settled the policy of the republic, occurred; wars and rumors of wars waked the martial spirit, and put the strength of the nation to test—all these and countless other changes the *Courant* has lived to record. It is, dear reader, one of the oldest institutions on the continent."

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